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The Spectator

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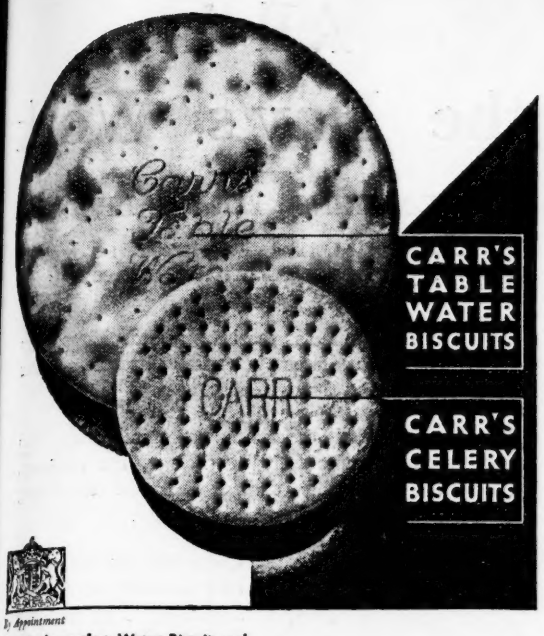

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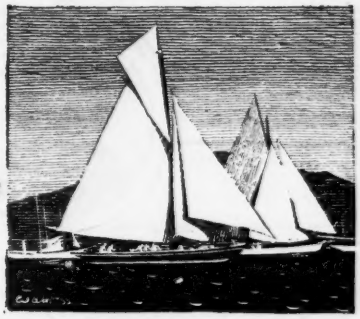

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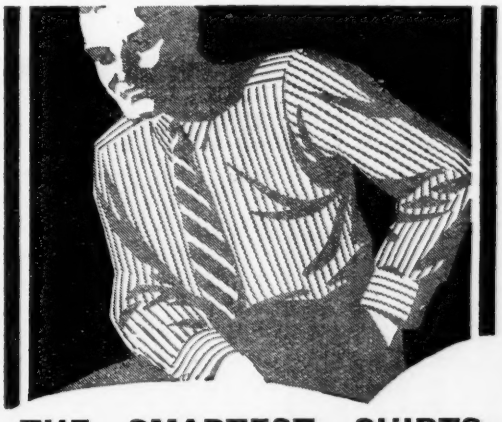

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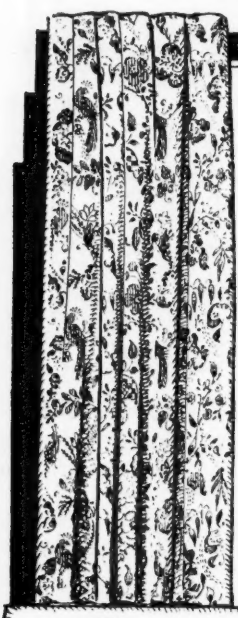

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The SALVATION ARMY

The Spectator

[717]

No. 5,421.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1932.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	Page
Topics:	
Prosperity and Prices	720
Dartmoor	721
Berlin To-day (Lionel Robbins)	722
The Week at Westminster	723
Writers at Bay (E. M. Forster)	724
The Church at the Wicket (J. E. S.)	724
What Next? (Moth)	725
The Theatre. "Somebody Knows" (Peter Fleming)	726
Country Life (Sir W. Beach Thomas)	727
Letters to the Editor:	
Sunday and the Sabbath	728
Crime in the U.S.A.	728
The Toll of the Roads	728
The Problem of Tithe	729
Poetry: The Dancer (Phyllis Hartnoll)	730
"Spectator" Competitions	731
Books:	
Shakespeare's Testimonials (George Rylands)	732
Politicians and the War (Richard Law)	732
The Terrific Duchess (Bonamy Dobrée)	733
The Irrational Age (Graham Greene)	734
Dorothy Wordsworth (E. E. Kellett)	735
Theodore Roosevelt (Douglas Woodruff)	736
Indian Civilization (F. W. Bain)	736
Enjoying Indifferent Health (P. Morton Shand)	737
Fiction (L. A. G. Strong)	739
The Modern Home: The New B.B.C. (G. M. Boumphrey)	742
Travel: Montserrat (H. de Milanès)	744
Gramophone Notes (Autolycus)	746
Finance: An Unwise Agitation (Arthur W. Kiddy)	746

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News of the Week

THE assassination of the Japanese Prime Minister, M. Inukai, following so soon on the bomb outrage in Shanghai and the assassination of M. Inouye in February, means that any prominent politician in Japan goes in peril of his life to-day. On every ground the tragic fate that has fallen M. Inukai is profoundly to be deplored, for the Prime Minister was essentially a man of moderation, which is, no doubt, the reason why certain military officers determined to dispose of him. It was never more difficult than to-day to form an accurate estimate of what the political situation in Japan really is, or of how serious the militarist movement promises to be. There is no sign at present that it is anything but destructive or that ordinary civil Government is likely to be superseded. The soldiers, it is true, are dictating their terms. A national non-party Government must be constructed, for the army chiefs refuse to approve of a War Minister in any party administration. The new Prime Minister is likely, however, to be M. Suzuki, who has been chosen to succeed M. Inukai as leader of the Seiyukai party. The so-called "blood brotherhood" involved in the murders of M. Inouye and Baron Takuma Dan appears to be of only limited scope, but there is a temper abroad in Japan expressing itself through various organizations, compared variously with the Fascist and Nazi movements in Europe, and the struggle between them and the forces working for the maintenance of normal civil Government may yet work up to a crisis.

* * * *

Nipponizing Manchuria

The situation in Manchuria is developing in some respects as the Japanese desire, and in others, as a result of the activity of General Ma Chan-shan's troops and other less organized bands hostile to the Manchukuo Government, as they do not. The Nipponization, if so it may be termed, of Manchuria continues. Japan's purposes are being systematically worked out behind the transparent screen of the puppet Government, and no effort is made to disguise them. A speech by General Araki, the Minister for War, declaring that Japan will pursue her policy regardless of what America or China or the League may say, has just come to hand, and *The Times* published on Tuesday an abstract of a highly interesting article in a Tokyo paper by a Major Hanaya, lately attached to the political section of the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria. According to this, the real seat of authority in the new Government is a board or directorate with six bureaux under it, each of them having, like the board itself, a Japanese as its head. If the veiled annexation expressed through this and other instruments fails, Major Hanaya makes it clear that real annexation will follow. In the face of this it seems superfluous to recall that the first article of the Nine Power Treaty signed at Washington in 1922 bound Japan and the eight other signatories "to respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China."

* * * *

Another Communal Clash

The communal rioting at Bombay, resulting in 100 deaths and injuries to the number of over 1,000, is a deplorable example of what religious passions in India can lead to. What was involved was simply a clash between Indians and Indians, arising out of the Mohammedan celebration of Muharram. No anti-British element entered into it, and no British were concerned except the troops and volunteers who were called out to check the riot. Without them the conflict would have grown to far more serious dimensions. It is in the face of events like this that the British Government is called on to give its ruling on the communal question in connexion with the new legislatures. Whatever it may be, it will not please both sides, and will very likely please neither. But it must be given. The Government is pledged to it, and without a decision on so vital an issue the new constitution cannot be set working at all. Lord Lothian's return to London comes at an opportune moment. The reports he brings of feeling in both British and Indian circles, and in both the Hindu and Moslem camps, will necessarily carry much weight in Whitehall. The fact has to be faced that as British administration in India is replaced by Indian, the Hindu-Moslem conflict may become even more acute than to-day, and its consequences more serious. But that cannot justify a refusal to grant the

self-government India has been promised. The effects of it will be both good and ill, but the effect of withholding it would be far more ill than good.

* * * *

How Mr. Asquith Fell

Readers of Lord Beaverbrook's new volume, reviewed in another column of this issue by Mr. Bonar Law's son, will concentrate their attention inevitably on the account of the vital interview between the Conservative leader and Mr. Asquith on Sunday, December 3rd, 1916. Mr. Law's mission was to lay before the Prime Minister a resolution the Conservative Ministers had passed that morning (Mr. Law disapproving but concurring) urging that the Government should resign, with a view to the formation of a new one in which the Conservatives would serve, but Mr. Lloyd George would not figure. It is obvious that Mr. Asquith did not grasp how fully the Conservative Ministers were backing him against Lloyd George, though it was Mr. Bonar Law's business to make him grasp it. It was freely rumoured at the time that Mr. Law, at the urgent instance of Lord Beaverbrook, refrained from showing Mr. Asquith the actual text of the Conservative resolution. But Lord Beaverbrook now states definitely that Mr. Law did "present" the resolution. But he makes it clear that it was not till Lord Curzon, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Robert Cecil called at Downing Street on the Monday morning that the Prime Minister realized what he ought to have realized when Mr. Bonar Law gave him the Conservative resolution the previous afternoon. Why? Lord Beaverbrook's explanation that Mr. Asquith was so hypnotized by the word "resignation" in the resolution that he could grasp nothing else carries no conviction. No part of Lord Beaverbrook's book is less satisfactory than his treatment of the central incident in it.

* * * *

M. Herriot's Choice

While it becomes increasingly certain that France can be equipped with no effective government before the middle of next month—the Lausanne Conference begins on the 16th—the political strategists are hard at work tugging both at M. Herriot's right hand and his left. The alternatives before the Radical Socialist leader, who can form no administration without the support of other groups, are a Government of Concentration, formed by leaning towards the Right, and a revival of the Cartel des Gauches with the Cabinet honours fairly evenly shared between Radical Socialists and Socialists. In that connexion the Socialist leader, M. Léon Blum, has thought it opportune to state again his terms of alliance—a 25 per cent. cut in armament expenditure, development of social insurance and nationalization of the insurance companies, and nationalization of the railways. This is a rather stiff prescription for the less progressive of the Radical Socialists, particularly nationalization of the insurance companies, which the Socialists could well afford not to press. Nationalization of railways raises no new principle, in view of the existence of the State Railway of the West, but it may mean raising more money, and that is not calculated to commend it in France to-day. The formation of a Government of the Left would ease the international situation in more directions than one, but the chances in favour of it are not at present much better than the chances against.

* * * *

The End of Langism

The disharmony between the Commonwealth Government, representing like our own an overwhelming majority of the electors, and the Socialist administrations of New South Wales and Victoria, has been brought to an end none too soon. Mr. Lang, the New South Wales Premier, had brought discredit on his Party and his State by his prolonged defiance of Commonwealth laws and his persistent refusal to pay interest on the State loans. When he instructed his officials to flout the Commonwealth, the Governor, Sir Philip Game, was virtually bound to exercise his prerogative by dismissing the Premier. There is every reason to suppose that the electors will give a majority to the new Ministry formed by Mr. Stevens, the leader of the Opposition. In Victoria the Labour Ministry had disintegrated during the absence of Mr. Hogan, the Premier, who is now in England, and the extremists, of Mr. Lang's type, had gained control. As the result, Labour was decisively beaten in last Saturday's elections, losing half its strength, and the United Australia Party with a clear majority of the House will form the new State Government. Mr. Hogan has explained that his party refused to listen to his moderate counsels, preferring to take their orders from the Labour Party caucus. Now that all the seven Australian Ministries, central and local, promise to work in accord, the credit of the Commonwealth will be strengthened and trade should revive.

* * * *

The Liner Fire

There is still a good deal to clear up about the disastrous fire on the 'Georges Philippar,' and it may be some days yet before the total of dead is known. That a short-circuit (for that seems pretty definitely to have been the origin of the fire) should be capable of starting a conflagration with which the fire-fighting equipment of the most up-to-date of modern liners cannot deal is surprising and alarming. That the liner's own boats should have played so small a part in the work of rescue is another matter that needs explaining. The actual number on board the vessel when she sailed has been variously stated, but at the moment of writing there is a possible death-roll of over ninety, though dhows and other vessels may have picked up survivors who have not yet been able to report. If the sea had been rough instead of smooth the dead would have been numbered by hundreds. There is clearly no sufficient material available yet for any definite conclusions about the disaster. But the most searching enquiry possible is demanded, for on the facts so far disclosed it might be inferred that the disaster was an unavoidable accident, and that the same thing might therefore happen at any time to any other ship. The records of sea-travel happily justify no such conclusion as that, but it is essential to discover what went wrong, and what safety provisions failed, on the 'Georges Philippar.'

* * * *

Dr. Brüning's Problems

Last week's short session of the Reichstag (enlivened by the arrest of four Nazi members in the Chamber itself) was long enough to involve Dr. Brüning in yet one more difficulty, though, strictly speaking, it was not the Reichstag discussions themselves that brought to a head the discontent of the army against General Groener, who held the double portfolio of War and the Interior. He now holds only the latter, the person primarily responsible for his resignation of the War Ministry being his subordinate, General von Schleicher. It is not yet clear what this means, for the suggestion that von Schleicher was acting in the Hitler interests must be received with considerable reserve. But there is no doubt that Dr. Brüning's position is weakened, for General Groener had shown himself throughout a singularly loyal ally. But the President and the Chancellor are still standing firmly together, and though rumours of a complete Cabinet

reconstruction involving the entry of Nazis are rife, the prospect is that Dr. Brüning will do his best to carry on till after Lausanne. If a settlement reasonably satisfactory to Germany should be reached there, the reactions on the internal situation will be marked, and all of them in the Chancellor's favour.

* * * *

France and Disarmament

The Disarmament Conference can do little while France remains without a government. It might in some respects be better if it halted altogether, for the arguments of the experts as to what are primarily aggressive weapons are doing much more harm than good. The Treaty of Versailles came near settling that question once for all when it catalogued the weapons that Germany must not possess specifically on account of their aggressive quality. Governments of other countries may, or may not, be prepared to accept the qualitative limitations imposed on Germany. If so the right course is to say so, not to set the experts to whittle away the German list, particularly since they are by implication whittling away at the same time the whole basis of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. The most important event of the week has been a speech at Dijon by M. Paul Boncour, in which he once more linked disarmament and security guarantees inseparably, but went so far as to suggest that perhaps sufficient security did already exist to make a first instalment of reduction practicable. For that he has been privately taken to task by M. Tardieu, who is still acting as Prime Minister. If France cannot go the modest length M. Paul Boncour suggests the outlook for the Disarmament Conference is dark.

* * *

Colonel Lindbergh's Ordeal

America has always been in some aspects an incredible country, and the latest turn in the Lindbergh baby case taxes normal powers of credence almost to breaking-point. The discovery of the child's body in a condition which made it clear that the murder had been committed immediately after the abduction might have been regarded as closing the episode except for universal expressions of sympathy with the parents under their intolerable strain. Someone had made off with a 50,000 dollar ransom under false pretences. That was disclosed long ago. But it would take an alienist to account adequately for the confession now forthcoming from Mr. J. H. Curtis, a citizen of apparently irreproachable character and holding a responsible position (till he lost his money recently like many other people), who admits that the story of the negotiations he professed to be conducting with the kidnappers on board a yacht was a fabrication from beginning to end. It was on the strength of the story that all available patrol boats and aeroplanes were mobilized to scour the coast, and Colonel Lindbergh himself was actually at sea when the news of the finding of the baby's body reached him. Money may have had something to do with the affair, for Mr. Curtis was arranging to sell his story to the Press. Another gentleman is already in prison for trying to raise funds in the same way. As for Mr. Curtis, in spite of doubts whether he had put himself in reach of the law, it now appears that he has. Indictable or not, no action more vicious or vile could be imagined on the part of a man in control of his senses.

* * * *

A 70-Hour Week

In days when the 48-hour week as a maximum is regarded as something axiomatic in the industries of this country it comes as an unwelcome shock to find speakers in the House of Commons declaring that large numbers of young people under 18 are working 60 and 70 hours a week, and to find Ministers tacitly admitting the allegations but protesting that to pass restrictive legislation prohibiting such abuses would lay an undue burden on industry at the present time. As several Conservative members, who very rightly voted against the Government on this issue last Friday, pointed out, it is ridiculous to maintain that the stability of British industry depends on the employment of van-boys and messengers for ten and twelve hours a day. If a National Government cannot face a question of this kind when it has a Children's and Young People's Bill actually before the House, what can it do? The ratification of the Washington Hours Convention acquires a new urgency in view of last Friday's debate.

* * * *

Sunday Cinemas

The Government is to be commended for its decision to introduce a new Sunday Performances Bill. The measure proposes first of all to do what we suggested last week—namely, to free all museums, zoos and debates from the fetters of the old Sunday Observance Act. No one can seriously object to such modest Sunday diversions as these. Sunday concerts, again, are to be licensed by the authorities which have the power to license concerts on week days, and again no opposition should be offered. As for the cinemas, the local authorities which now permit them to open on Sunday are to be given the full power to do so, which they thought—wrongly, as the courts held—that they already possessed. The towns or counties which have not yet agreed to the Sunday opening of cinemas may, if they choose, seek the permission of Parliament to do this by promoting private Bills under a simplified form of procedure. Thus the present position will remain unchanged unless the local authorities are pressed by their constituents to permit of more Sunday cinemas. A Bill on these lines will remove needless anomalies and bring the old law into accord with modern practice.

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Empire Migration

Lord Astor's Committee on Empire migration will occasion no surprise by its pessimistic report. A hundred years ago the *Spectator* warmly supported Wakefield's schemes of mass emigration, first to South Australia and then to New Zealand, and was justified by the results. Nowadays, when the tide of migration has turned and more people are returning from the Dominions than going out to them, we can only give a regretful assent to the Committee's conclusion that for many years to come the Dominions are unlikely to welcome new immigrants as they did immediately after the War. The Committee regards it as of importance that there should be a steady flow of British migrants to the Dominions, but the flow must be small. While agriculture is depressed, there is no work for new hands. An unexpectedly rapid development of mineral resources might cause a demand for settlers. But, as things are, only the discovery of a new and rich goldfield in Australia could make much difference, for the supply of all other minerals is superabundant. It is strange that the Committee should regard large-scale emigration as disadvantageous to us because the British birth-rate is declining. Should we be really worse off with a population a million or so less than to-day?

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Bank Rate 2½ per cent., changed from 3 per cent. on May 12th, 1932. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 101¼x.d.; on Wednesday week, 101 7/16; a year ago, 102⅛x.d. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 100; on Wednesday week, 99¾; a year ago, 96½. Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Wednesday 89½; on Wednesday week, 88¼; a year ago, 83½.

Prosperity and Prices

THE Lausanne Conference, on which the world is fixing its eyes in a kind of pathetic desperation, is now less than a month distant. The conference is to deal with three subjects—German reparations, non-German reparations and monetary and financial questions in their international aspect. The third item on the agenda is almost incalculably important, even more important in some respects than a reparation settlement itself. For, until the world can somehow shake off the deadweight of depression which constantly falling prices, particularly the prices of primary commodities, involves, trade will continue to stagnate, enterprise will remain paralysed and unemployment everywhere increase. On another page a well-qualified observer records his impression of Berlin as Berlin reveals itself to a foreigner to-day. There the stagnation has gone far beyond what we have experienced here. Disaster, for Germany, is no farther off than just round the corner. When it comes, if it does come, we cannot, as Professor Robbins all too justly observes, expect to remain untouched by it ourselves.

Germany, of course, has her special problems, and a reparation settlement is a matter of peculiar concern for her, though as she has been paying reparations so far mainly with borrowed money, and is never likely in any case to pay more than a fraction of the liabilities laid on her by the Young Plan, the relief will be more psychological than material. To say that is not to detract from its value. The whole basis of all considerable financial relationships to-day is psychological, for credit depends on confidence, and confidence is essentially an attitude of mind. In any case a real reparation settlement—and the nearer it comes to the complete cancellation of reparation payments the more real it will be—will change the whole international atmosphere, not in Europe merely, but in the United States, where the curse of the undischarged and undischargeable liability overhanging the chief industrial country on the European continent is recognized as the cause, unmistakeable if indirect in its working, of some part at least of the unexampled adversity that has fallen on the American people. The British delegation at Lausanne will go with its mind perfectly clear on that point. It starts from the conviction, stated quite definitely by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the best thing that could happen for all concerned would be for both reparations and debts to be wiped out altogether. Debts, so far as they concern the United States, will probably not be discussed at Lausanne at all. In any case a reparation settlement must come first. And in connexion with that it must be remembered that to cancel debts and reparations together, while it would leave this country practically unaffected, since our receipts and outgoings and incomings under those heads virtually balance, would involve France in a loss of £20,000,000 a year. France, therefore, has an unanswerable claim to be heard when the complete abolition of reparation payments is under discussion and some compromise solution, under which Germany would still make some payment, on a drastically reduced scale and after a moratorium of some years, is not to be ruled out in advance.

It would be satisfactory to believe the British delegation will set out for Lausanne with its mind as clear on the third item of the agenda, monetary policy, for the adoption of some definite line there, both on a national and an international scale, is as urgently imperative as the settlement of reparations. It is idle to be impatient about discussions on monetary policy as savouring of the unpractical and the academic. As long as we trade we must use money in some form, and as long as we use money we must have a monetary policy. The gold standard itself is a monetary policy. To-day the first problem is to raise prices, and the second is to avoid raising them too much. The cause of most of our present ills is deflation. But unregulated inflation might easily be the cause of far more. The task, and a very delicate one, is to reverse the engine and keep it so for a certain time and no longer. Within the proper limits, if they can be observed, the deliberate encouragement of a rise in gold prices is manifestly the right policy to pursue. To-day falling prices are producing all the effects made familiar by generations of text-book writers. Purchasers put off buying because they hope to be able to buy cheaper later on. Manufacturers cut stocks down to the lowest point and produce nothing except on order because they fear prices will be ruling lower in three months' time. Enterprise is petrified and there is a perpetual sense of something worse to come. That has been going on for two years and more. Since 1929 commodity prices have dropped by 30 per cent. Many primary commodities have dropped by much more, and agricultural States with external debts to pay find the burden, represented in commodities, insupportable. The prospect of a gradual and governed return to the 1928 or 1929 level would infuse a new spirit into the business world. Manufacturers with the prospect of selling at a sure profit would set works going full time that are running at half pressure or less to-day, and with raw material getting dearer they would place their orders as soon as possible and as largely. Employment would increase and the burden of international debts contracted on a gold basis would begin to shrink towards what it was when the commitments were first made.

Not all the wisdom of all the statesmen in the world is going to make that process easy or its execution free from risk. But there is more risk still in letting things drift. Recognition of that is spreading steadily, as recent debates in the House of Commons have shown. Sir Robert Horne has been advocating a 2 per cent. bank rate and the purchase of securities by the banks. We have actually a 2½ per cent. bank rate, but the value of that is limited so long as the joint stock banks are charging 5 per cent. for overdrafts. And facilities for borrowing are not much good unless the spirit of enterprise and hopefulness is there to stimulate borrowing. In pumping money into the market by the purchase of Government securities the Bank would be following the example of the Federal Reserve Bank in the United States. The results of the operation there are not very clear yet, but the complexity of the financial situation in America is such that there is no justification for discrediting a method which must sooner or later produce the desired results.

Restrained action along these lines in this country is to be advocated, but it is the world price level that needs to be raised, and in no field is concerted international action more essential. In any discussions on these questions at Lausanne the United States would certainly be ready to take part. While the Basle Committee was unquestionably right in declaring last August that the essential condition of Germany's recovery (with which Europe's is bound up) was the restoration of political confidence, there are technical measures that must be taken as well and taken by the nations in concert. Lausanne will provide the first opportunity of considering them, and it will be a disaster if full use is not made of it.

Dartmoor

WITH the sentences pronounced at the Court House in Princetown we hope that an end has come to all sensational news of the mutiny in His Majesty's Prison on Dartmoor. It has been a grim business in a grim setting, and we cannot be too grateful to Mr. Justice Finlay for the way in which he conducted the trial. It was orderly and dignified, and yet the prisoners, who were naturally willing to seize a rare chance of posing as heroes in their misguided way or as victims, had a quite unusual freedom in the dock and plainly understood that in spite of a proper sternness at the right moments, Lord Finlay allowed many a point to be stretched in their favour. In the presenting of their case they had not merely a "square deal," but a generous one. They had no less from the Press and the public. The British people are prone to an incurable sentimentalism about the "under-dog," the man against whom the dice seem to be loaded in his conflict with authority. Let us hope that this is a queer but honest product of Christian charity. Yet the virtue of charity is never the worse for a little hardheadedness aiding warmth of heart. To suggest that convicted criminals should carry on their conflict against prison authorities on equal terms would be so patently absurd that the absurdity should put an end to sentimentalism. The reality of charity and the vanity of sentimentalism are distinguished in the sudden cooling of the sentimentalist's sympathy when he learns the prisoner's record. At Princetown among the twenty-one convicted prisoners one or two had disgusting records of sexual crimes, which may indicate that Society needed protection from them at the hands of doctors rather than of the police. Others were shown to have been what could be called, with more justice than is common in the use of the phrase, "enemies of society," men who fear neither God nor man, men who have held the lives and property of their fellows cheap, who have lived by violence or cunning, and never desired to contribute anything to the moral or material good of the world. Whether the fault lies in original sin or with their parents or with the law, we cannot discuss here. But they are men from whom, unless they are reclaimed, their fellow citizens need protection. Some are "incorrigibles" in the common phrase, though that is a term never allowed by those whose supreme faith in divine mercy survives the knowledge even of these worst records. Many of these men are about thirty years old, and probably lacked all discipline as boys at home during the War, perhaps keen, even attractive, spirited young dare-devils as children, certainly not of the congenitally feeble-minded criminal type. Nor were they of the class of old gaol-bird, whose chief desire in prison is to keep quiet and get his "time" done. They are a product of this century, and the Home Secretary has shown that his Office is anxious to find the right means of protecting society without vindictive treatment of the criminal.

The Counsel for the defence was astute enough throughout the trial to try to draw the jury into sympathy with the prisoners by emphasizing any faults to be found in the prison system or in the men personally concerned in administering it, the Governor, warders, &c., and no one could complain of this so long as the Judge would insist on fair play. The evidence brought up very forcibly questions that are as old as the hills, but to which we hope that the Home Office will give new and urgent attention. No one will question in these democratic days the propriety of experiments made in allowing the private soldier to carry the Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack, or in making possible the promotion of a man from the lower ranks of prison service to the very top. But let it be admitted that not one in a hundred such men is inherently likely to succeed in such violent promotion to duties on a plane entirely new to him: and if experiments fail, let failure be admitted, and let the lesson learned be put into practice. This is a lesson which is being learned just now, as it happens, in Scotland Yard. There it has been the common practice, not the experiment, for men to rise from the ranks of the police to very high posts. These posts have grown steadily in importance, in responsibility and in temptations. Just before Lord Byng's appointment it was revealed how in the Metropolitan police a man could rise by merit and then be overwhelmed by temptations which enabled him to make illicitly thousands of pounds, to lose his own soul, and go to prison. These modern conditions have, we believe, convinced Lord Byng and now Lord Trenchard, too, that these responsible posts can no longer always be held by men promoted from the ranks, but that there will have to be men of a different type attracted into the police service, forming a kind of small Officers' Corps to be drawn upon for appointment to new posts or to present posts transformed. Some such scheme will need consideration also throughout the Provinces.

The lot of a prison warder is obviously a less happy one than that of the policeman. It might attract an exceptional man with a missionary spirit, but we have not heard of that idealism; the most that we can hope for is that a man like Mr. Alexander Paterson should infect a warder here and there with a little of his own spirit. Gaols do not offer an environment into which a man wants to take his wife and family. The man himself has a life of continuously disagreeable, sordid and often dangerous surroundings. It must be difficult to keep up a high standard of self-respect. How many do? Imagine the life of a warder. Of course, all standards of treatment of prisoners have steadily improved in humanity; of course, there are always prisoners who only need humane treatment to reclaim them, and so on. But still the warder is bound to come across the so-called incorrigibles, brutalized men, whose hand is against every man and particularly against his warder for the time being. He has got to deal with men who must be treated sternly, men whose past habits of violence must be met with at any rate a show of force. Is it to be wondered at that such a man ceases to discriminate and assumes before long an attitude of "toughness" towards all who are under his charge? He sees constantly the worst of human life. He is horribly conscious that he is regarded as the natural enemy of his charges. How many of us could stand that life without either losing spirit or becoming callous? The prison warder needs experience to become efficient. The time that brings experience brings the temptation to callousness. The faults of warders were seized upon and made the most of at Princetown, and the men who had the best reason to know the extreme danger which they were in had little sympathy. They are not as a body ever likely to find much public sympathy. The Home Office is not careless in this sphere of its administration, but we hope that the evidence, fair or unfair, given at Princetown will spur the Department to go on improving the lot of warders by changes of scene, changes of work, and any other means known to them, by which the warders may, for their own sakes and for the sake of their charges, be saved from the deadly temptation to become callous towards the unhappy beings for whom they have so great a responsibility.

Berlin To-day

By Lionel Robbins.

AFTER the roaring chaos of sleep in the train, Berlin looked very clean and refreshing as we slid quietly home to the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof. The sun shone on the painted houses and filled the newly-leafed lime trees with a tremulous luminosity. The red sand of the riding school on the left was still undisturbed. As we got down we were greeted by the smell of newly-watered streets. A capacious and attractive city.

But one does not need to be in Berlin many hours to realize that something is wrong, very wrong. These wide, handsome streets were built to take more traffic than this. The shops, surely, should be doing more custom. The state of affairs in which some of the main quarters are not much more animated than a Bloomsbury square is not a natural one. I saw more traffic blocks in one afternoon in Exeter the other day than I saw during the whole of last week in Berlin. Many shops have their shutters up. In some streets it would be no exaggeration to say that 20 per cent. are to let. Dining at night in one of the best hotels, a party of three of us had the main hall to ourselves. Five waiters hovered round three men. It is difficult to walk out without being asked for the price of bread by men who quite obviously have no practice in asking. Life goes on, but at a diminished *tempo*. There is an inner paralysis at work in the city.

There is a vicious circle in German affairs to-day which at once simplifies and complicates the task of diagnosis—simplifies it, for matters have now reached such a pitch that the depression is something which has acquired almost autonomous status, itself the cause and consequence of everything which follows. At the same time the detailed disentanglement of the individual factors at work becomes a matter of almost infinite difficulty. The political situation is bad. The economic situation inevitably worsens. While the economic situation deteriorates, there is no hope of any alleviation of the political tension—at any rate from inside. The ingredients in the witches' cauldron are now so mixed that it is futile to say which is the more potent for trouble.

If the diagnosis is to indicate the possibility of cure, there can be little doubt that the political influences should be emphasized. It may be that, after a further period of stress and convulsion, the German people may succeed in arresting the process unaided. This may happen—although it seems most improbable. But it can only happen after much time has elapsed. The one hope of more speedy amelioration lies in an improvement of the political situation consequent on an improvement in Germany's external relations. If this could happen, there can be little question that the tension all round would relax and that the economic difficulties could more easily be surmounted. But it is not easy to believe that it will happen. Undoubtedly the present Government has the will to bring it about. But it is not at all clear that, in the absence of outside help, it will long have the power. If help is delayed, if the economic situation worsens, it is difficult to see what can save it. And there is no hope whatever from the Nazis. A Brüning-Hitler combination might be welcomed, both as a means of providing sanctions for any external agreements arrived at, and as a disintegrating influence within the movement itself. But in the Nazis alone there is nothing positive, nothing but black passion and prejudice—a movement without mind or eyes, only overstrung muscles and a raucous voice.

While the political tension persists, there is no hope of economic improvement. There can be no renewal of activity until the future is more certain. And, while the uncertainty lasts, there are other influences making for further deterioration. I do not think it is generally realized in this country how severely our own policy has added to the difficulties of Germany. I say nothing of the tariffs, for their effects, although, I am told, already considerable in certain parts, such as Saxony, are still difficult to disentangle. But the depreciation of sterling is an influence which is much more perceptible. Although in the long run our departure from gold must have the effect of easing gold prices, in the short run it does not seem open to question that its effects have been highly deflationary. In Germany there is not an industry manufacturing for export whose relative position has not worsened—whose capital, therefore, has to that extent been destroyed. I did not find much bitterness in Berlin on this point. Surprise was expressed at the weakness of our policy in the years before the crisis; and, of course, still greater surprise that in the end we did not put up any real fight for the standard. But for the most part, I think, there was a secret relief that after all the English had shown that they were as capable of error as any other people, which went far to counterbalance the feeling of grievance at the undoubted addition to the general difficulties. The only bitterness I encountered concerned those Englishmen who had proclaimed that in abandoning gold we had conferred a benefit on the whole world. As I share the general continental view of these people, I did not find it an impediment to friendly relations.

But, unquestionably, the most formidable threat to the persistence of profitable economic activity in Germany comes from the network of controls and restrictions which in the supposed interest of the Mark are imposed on the short loan market and the market for foreign exchange. I do not think it is possible to overemphasize the paralysing effect of this system. It was imposed in the first instance in the belief that it was preferable to the severe credit contraction which would have been necessary to maintain the stability of the currency. But it is difficult to believe that any degree of credit contraction could have caused such a paralysis of trade and investment as has actually been caused by the restrictions. The system of exchange restrictions as practised at present in Germany, and in Central Europe generally, is a self-frustrating system, intended to save the trade balance; in fact it tends to its cumulative worsening. The best example of this process, of course, is to be found in Austria, where the restrictive process has almost reached its logical conclusion in the exhaustion of the exchange reserves of the National Bank. But the situation is not much better in Germany, and there is little hope that it will improve.

But this is not all. The system of restrictions is not merely self-destructive in its effects on the trade balance. It is also highly injurious to the credit system as a whole. Under the regulations involved, solvent firms are on much the same footing as firms which are really insolvent. Houses which could pay their foreign creditors, if they could get the exchange, are in the same position as houses which in all probability will never be able to do so. What are they to do with their money? While industry is frozen at the extremities, there is an unnatural liquidity at the centre. The market rate of interest is no longer a guide to rational investment. What was intended to avert bankruptcy is in fact creating more

bankruptcy. The façade has been temporarily saved, but at the expense of the lasting foundations.

English observers, generalizing from their own experience, are inclined to think that a way out is to be found in the abandonment of the gold standard. It is true that the gold standard may go. But one does not need very many conversations in Germany to realize that the "relief" thus afforded may be very questionable. It is not easy to manipulate the currency twice in any generation. At the first sign of such manipulation there is likely to be a panic. I was told that there now exist secret agreements between most of the big concerns and trade associations that the moment the Mark ceases to be nominally linked to gold, business will be done on a franc or a dollar basis. In such circumstances inflation is not lightly to be resorted to. Moreover it must not be forgotten that many of Germany's debts abroad are on a gold basis. To depart from the gold standard, so far from alleviating things here, would only tend to make them worse.

It is difficult, as one walks about the pleasant parks and squares and discusses these matters with the quiet and intelligent people one meets on such a visit, to persuade oneself that these dangers are real. One feels that something is wrong. But that it is as wrong as all this? The emotions revolt at the suggestion. It cannot be like this. Yet, for all that, I am afraid that it is. Accidents happen. The world does go on. But short of something like a miracle at Lausanne, I see no *rational* ground for not expecting a grave catastrophe in Germany before long. It may not happen. But the probabilities of the situation suggest that, unless, within the next few weeks, the statesmen of this country and France rise to the height of their momentous responsibilities, it will happen. And if it does happen it will not leave us unaffected.

The Week at Westminster

PARLIAMENT has adjourned for the Whitsuntide recess to chew over a number of unpleasant revelations contained in the Budget. It must be said that members have faced them very well, and the only herring—the fish is of doubtful colour, and the only thing certain about it is that it is not gold—which they have shown a tendency to pursue is the suggestion of inflation put forward by Sir Robert Horne and puffed up a little by Mr. Churchill. On the whole, however, the House has not been deterred from accepting, with what grace it can find, the fact that the day of hard things is far from over. For this remarkable equilibrium, the more remarkable because the sense of balance in other legislative assemblies is so obviously missing, the credit must be given chiefly to the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Major Elliot alone has succeeded in giving the House a sense of pride in the enormous achievements of the nation rather than of irritation at the knowledge that disagreeable efforts must be continued. His speech winding up the general debate on the Finance Bill had a really striking success.

The second day of this debate was smoothed by Mr. Chamberlain's expected announcement that the silk duties are temporarily to be brought into line with the protective duties enjoyed by similar industries, and are to be referred to the Tariff Committee for more permanent shaping. Mr. Churchill led the House a long way down the path towards the inflationary policy favoured by industrialists, but he was not very impressive because he assumed, like other advocates of this policy, that everything except prices can remain unchanged. Mr. Churchill's own idea is that the dollar and sterling in alliance can control world prices, and he extracted from the Government a general welcome to the idea of a currency conference with the United States. But Major Elliot made it clear that the Government are not going to use the new Exchange Equalization Fund for anything except to make a speculator's hell; and the Government are far less likely to be worried about currency policy than about retrenchment, upon which Mr. Buchan and Sir Vivian Henderson had some useful things to say. The House is in no mood to be put off with promises of "hard thinking" later; and should matters go wrong so that in the autumn the Budget proves to be shaky, there will be a lot of trouble if the Government have not meanwhile studied how to save more rather than how to tax more.

The final days before the recess brought plenty of evidence that a nation, whose recovery depends both on its own efforts and on the efforts of other nations, cannot yet begin to cheer. The House learned that National Health Insurance, which until recently was so solvent that the reserves of friendly societies were steadily piling up, must for the first time face a lowering rather than an expansion of benefits. Sir Hilton Young has a great reputation as a financial expert, and there has been some astonishment that the contribution to retrenchment of the Ministry of Health under his guidance has not been greater; but on this occasion he made his case trenchantly; and he has a fearless lieutenant in Mr. Ernest Brown. The Opposition could not challenge the figures. The claims for benefit have indeed expanded formidably, and probably the main reason is the new difficulty in obtaining unemployment relief. A similar, though temporary, feature was observed during 1926, the year of the great industrial troubles. Mr. Greenwood led the Socialist criticism, and once again showed that he is no real reinforcement to the Opposition.

The few members who stayed for Friday's debate on disarmament must have gone away with a bitter taste in their mouths. Sir John Simon paraded a lot of hopes, but he could not conceal that they were poor creatures compared with the opposing ranks of difficulties. Mr. Churchill dismissed the whole Geneva Conference as untimely and doomed to disappointment if not to discredit. Mr. Lansbury could only repeat the question "Against whom are you arming?"—a question so logically admirable and so practically irrelevant. The best that could be said for the debate is that all the principal speakers looked to economic pressure to effect that disarmament which argument was unlikely to procure. The worst that could be said, though no one actually said it, was that Geneva is in many ways a trial run of international tempers in preparation for Lausanne; and that if the former Conference is dying the latter Conference is not likely to blossom. That would be a most disquieting conclusion; for the Lausanne Conference must have the most intense relevance to the prospects of British trade, to the stability of Europe and to the structure of the British Budget.

The last incident of the week to be noted is the resolution passed by both Houses praying the King to transmit sympathy with France for the loss sustained by the assassination of M. Doumier. Mr. Lansbury's speech on this motion was better than Mr. Baldwin's, because it was simpler, and Lord Reading's speech in the House of Lords was better than either.

CUSTOS.

Writers at Bay

By E. M. Forster.

THE author, a creature invariably at his worst, is never more so than when he is being questioned about his books. All the depths in him are revealed, and prove to be shallows. Duplicity, conceit, pretentiousness, touchiness, flit in turns over his face, thinly masked by a *bonhomie* which deceives no one. The author is genial. He laughs. But observe his laugh! What weaknesses, what discomfort, lie beneath that receding chin! "Haw-haw" says the mouth, but above it are two watchful eyes. And the observer goes away saddened in his turn. For he has discovered that so-and-so does not live up to his books, that he is a disappointment, and that the books themselves may even require some living down.

In this ordeal the poet is in the best position, because almost the only question that can be put to a poet is, "However do you think of that wonderful stuff?" His answer will be unsatisfactory, but it will be uninteresting, which saves him. No one expects poetry to have any meaning, and when one has inspected the poet's physical appearance, and marvelled aloud at his existence, he may be suffered to depart. He laughed unassumingly. He wore a poplin tie. And the historian—if a historian be an author, and Lytton Strachey has perhaps dragged him into that disrepute—the historian has also his way of escape, for he can take refuge in the mysterious fortress known as "the authorities." "Why were you so horrid about the Countess Matilda? But perhaps you dislike women." This question, so fatal to the novelist, need not perturb the historian. He has only to say, "Oh, but the authorities . . . you see there's that Cracow MS. . . ." "Cracow?" echoes the half-pleased bird. "Yes—the new Southern Slav stuff," and Countess Matilda is forgotten, and all is scholarship and sunshine.

No, it is the novelist who really goes in peril. The novelist is the only writer who is credited with ordinary common sense, and this compliment has proved his undoing. He is supposed to have eyes and a tongue in his head, and to answer questions. "Do you think first of your plot or of your characters?" is the brainiest of these questions, and held to be as legitimate as asking the cook whether she melts the butter first or lets it wait for the eggs. The cook can reply and so should her literary *confrère*. There should not be this unseemly hesitation. "Do you work at certain fixed hours, or when the spirit moves you?" Something on the lines of "It depends largely on the oven" is expected, and so with "How long does it take to get an average novel done?" and "Are short stories quicker in proportion or slower?" Happy the author whose examination ends here. He will be well advised to expatiate and to chant with the cook: "Melt the eggs and fry for six hours the butter of course first naturally the whole not taking more than ten minutes say," until curiosity tires. For so he may be spared the most dangerous of all the questions: "Do you put real people into your books?"

He answers "No," and he lies. But what else is he to do, ever since Mr. Jones won that libel action? There was a dishonest business man in a novel called *Jones*, and Mr. Jones was in business, so won. The safe reply is, indeed, "I neither put real people into my books nor do I give them real names. Jones is pronounced like 'ponies.'" And even that may not save him. For if the case come into court he will have against him the envy of the magistrate—himself an unsuccessful author—and the mistrust of the jury, who, however much they indulge in secret reading, are not disposed to condone literature publicly, Jonies may win again. And anyhow, there is a second reason for lying: conceit. Writers are vain of their creative powers and most reluctant to admit that they have "taken" a character from life, particularly from contemporary life. They like it to be supposed that they have acquired experience in a prenatal dream. They simply are not to be trusted on this point; they just are liars; and if the observer wishes them to continue in his good graces he will be wise to desist, murmur "Genius has its own ways," and end the dialogue in a manner creditable to all.

Let us take a few of the novels that have been accused of containing real people—*Bleak House*, *Diana of the Crossways*, *Men like Gods*, *Chrome Yellow*, *Cakes and Ale*—and, playing always for safety, let us take the most remote of these, and watch Dickens all over the shop. He begins by congratulating himself on Harold Skimpole as "an exact portrait, the absolute reproduction of a real man." Then comes the row. Skimpole is said to be Leigh Hunt. Dickens denies it indignantly, and tries to throw the blame on America. With the death of Leigh Hunt a further stage is reached; remorse starts; Dickens enters the confessional and tries to tell the truth. He is not sure what it is, but he tries. He admits that he did "yield too much to the temptation of making Skimpole speak like his old friend," did borrow Hunt's "gay and ostentatious wilfulness," but there the parallel ended. He would have us think that Skimpole consists of a slab of Hunt and slabs of unpleasing and unknown origin. What he does not see, or will not say, is that the matter cannot be argued out, because the fusion between the slabs took place when he was in the creative state. And a man in that state is very ruthless and will make the cruellest discoveries and statements about a friend. His is a poor defence, but none of his successors have thought of a better one. The less said the wiser; and, indeed, an author's safest course in any questionnaire is to try to be a bore. He may find it more difficult than hitherto.

To refer to the writer as "he" is no doubt an anachronism, yet when a creature is under inquisition one can scarcely imagine it as female. Somehow or other a writeress at bay is unthinkable. What would she do? Give notice perhaps, the cook's final and primal prerogative? Or court martyrdom by wearing male attire, like Joan of Arc? Or would she follow the advice of Stendhal, and cover herself with titles and decorations? These are, he informs us, the only armour that will protect literature against impertinence.

The Church at the Wicket

By J. E. S.

"I COULD tell you of Lord Mountford's making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond Green." So wrote Horace Walpole to his friend Sir Horace Mann on June 25th, 1749. There is an intriguing moment in the modern cricket season when the Clergy of Southwark meet their reverend brethren of London in a full-dress encounter at Lord's. The match must be a delightful function. It is a pleasure even to read the score in the columns of *The Times*. The mere list of names, with the canonical prefix duly recorded in front of each, is a satisfaction in itself. Here, the reader reflects, is something peculiarly English. It could not happen anywhere else in the world. And then remember that it was all happening, under Lord Mountford's auspices, more than 180 years ago!

Dr. Johnson objected to the "merriment of parsons." Probably a form of clerical recreation approved by so

pronounced a Whig as Horace Walpole would have roused his special indignation. Tory prejudice *plus* an outraged sense of propriety: one trembles to think of his language. But there is no evidence that Johnson ever saw a cricket match or had any acquaintance with the game. We have his own word for it that he was once a bold rider to hounds; but of cricket, or other outdoor sports, there is no reason to suppose that he knew anything. If he had ever handled a bat, his heart must have softened towards the parsons on Richmond Green: perhaps even towards the Whig magnates who watched them play and probably (so has custom changed) betted heavily on the result of the game.

Let us hope that they had a fine match, and that Horace Walpole, over the claret and walnuts, had pleasant stories to tell about it to his Horatian namesake. Feuds of Whig and Tory interest us no more; but the clerical cricketers come down through the centuries with an air of actuality. They were the first (if they were the first) of a gallant band. The tradition has been safe in the hands of their successors. Through the length and breadth of England the country parson has continued to play the game. It has been no small part of his service. "I am worried about my Curate," said Mr. Punch's vicar; "he is not a bad chap, but what the village really wants is a left-hand bowler."

Possibly things are different since the War. Memories of countryside cricket (with those of us old enough to feel reminiscent) go back to that earlier, half-forgotten period before the world went mad. Who cannot reconstruct the scene in all its varied details? The long summer afternoon, the smell of trodden grass, the distant bleating of sheep, the cry of a pheasant from a neighbouring plantation; and one sound above all—a sound like none other on earth—the crack of a cricket-ball smitten well and truly by the centre of the bat.

From this pleasant ritual the countenance of the Church was seldom withheld. Portly rector or athletic curate, there he stood; sometimes a flying figure in the long field, sometimes in the static dignity of point: or, again, in a white Umpire's overcoat (over the purchase of which the Committee had a famous row) dispensing equal justice between man and man. Or at the worst, a mere spectator; but standing stoutly by the wooden shed that did duty for a pavilion and watching with keen appreciation the ebb and flow of the conflict.

Happy days which, for some of us at least, have gone for ever. Let one such occasion be recalled. The ground was not a good one, according to Test Match standards. An old pasture of irregular shape, lying well back from the road, and approached from nowhere in particular. Beyond it a fringe of marshland, through which a winding East Anglian stream moved sluggishly, and where, with luck, you might sometimes flush a heron or catch the glint of the sun on the blue plumage of a kingfisher. Behold the two teams assembled there, for one of the "needle" matches of the year. Our champions eyed the opposition curiously. There was one of them, in a shabby old blazer bearing the faded colours of a famous Cambridge Club, who inspired feelings of apprehension and respect. A parson, of course; Anglican orthodoxy was stamped upon every feature of his countenance. He was a stranger to most of us; but we were soon to improve on his acquaintance.

The match started, and followed a normal course. We batted first, and made a score which, while it would have been unimpressive at Lord's or the Oval, seemed sufficient for the purposes of the hour. The wicket did not favour correct play. There were queer indentations upon its surface. For one of them even the local groundsman was a little apologetic; his explanations were vague, but he felt it necessary to assure us that rabbits never came into that particular field. They didn't like the grass. So of course a rabbit could have had nothing to do with it.

The next diversion came not from the players but from the spectators. Two clumsy louts, partisans of the rival teams, fell into a noisy argument. It was not an edifying debate; the zeal of the contestants had been whetted by visits to a neighbouring bar, and their passage of words soon developed into a passage of arms. Of fighting neither had any but the crudest notion; but a crowd gathered round them as they sparred awkwardly at one another, and the harmony of the afternoon seemed in some danger of being wrecked. "Where's the policeman?" called out a voice from the outskirts of the crowd: "why don't 'e separate 'em? If it had been a small boy with an 'alfpenny squib, 'e'd have been after 'im in no time with a big stick." But the village constable was deaf to this sarcastic appeal. "Let 'em fight it out among themselves," he was heard to murmur; "that's what I says. Let 'em fight it out among themselves."

Meanwhile, the game progressed. All went well for us until the moment the parson arrived at the wicket. It was evident from the first that he meant business. The pitch had no terrors for him; he treated the rabbit hole (but, of course, it wasn't one) to a moment's scornful glance, patted it heavily with his bat, and proceeded to the work in hand. Time went by; we got other people out, but the parson remained serene and immovable. Our bowlers lost such length as they ever possessed, the field grew slack, hopes of victory began to slip away. We had an experimentalist in the long field; he was a man of one idea, interesting no doubt as a theory, but disastrous in practice. He held that, in attempting a high-dropping catch, one hand only should be used. Right hand or left was immaterial; but one hand and one only it must be. The experiment never came off, but he went on trying with a persistence worthy of a better cause. On the present occasion he had several opportunities of putting his theory into practice. The last of them occurred when the score stood at a tie. He used his left hand this time (he had already demonstrated with the right)—and the match was over.

The parson carried out his bat triumphantly. He was last seen struggling with his old blazer, with a contented smile upon his countenance. Was he thinking of his Sunday sermon; or was he (let us hope he was) congratulating himself upon a pastoral office efficiently discharged? He had every right to feel satisfied. He had walked faithfully in the old paths. He was in the tradition: a worthy successor of the parsons whom Lord Mountford brought up by express to play matches on Richmond Green.

What Next?

By Moth.

THE poet Daniel (who pinched the idea from Bacon's essay *Of Empire*) once wrote:

"The stars that have most glory have no rest."

A passable conceit, you think, but not an ultimate truth? You are wrong. Take the case of the planet Venus. The planet Venus has been broadcasting.

You and I know very little about the stars. We always find, when we look up at the sky on a fine night, that there are rather more of them than we had bargained for: in this* they are like whitebait. In fact, if we had to catalogue what we know about them (as opposed to what we feel) by compiling a list of adjectives, we should probably start with "numerous." We should then

* And in this alone.

put down "very small"; but after a bit we should scratch out "very," and eventually "small" as well, in case people should find out about our not having read Sir James Jeans. After that we should be stuck. Our powers of accurate, scientific observation would be exhausted. We should be tempted to abandon a strictly descriptive for a suggestive method. Adjectives like "lovely," "inscrutable," "aloof"—adjectives which throw more light on Man than on his Universe—would be suppressed with the greatest difficulty. Then, just when it seemed that our analysis of fundamentals must end, as it began, with "numerous," it would occur to us that the stars—unlike, for instance, the sea—never make any noise; and we should put down "silent."

Here, it appears, we should be making a bad mistake. The stars are not silent. The planet Venus, as I say, has been broadcasting. The other day, with all America listening in, she emitted, *via* Washington Square, "a high sustained note like a violin note." As to how it was done, I am sure you will understand what I mean when I say that it was simply a matter of photo-electric cells and telescopes. Child's play. The important thing is that here you have a planet entering the field of public entertainment, making high-sustained notes into the microphone like any hare-lipped warbler of folk songs, monopolizing the attention of the public as ruthlessly as any adenoidal analyst of Educational Reforms in Bosnia. It is a startling and, to my mind, a regrettable development. In the first place, it will involve all the heavenly bodies in a considerable loss of prestige. The qualities which we look for in a star—the qualities which automatically evoke adjectives like "lovely," "inscrutable," and "aloof"—will not be enhanced by hearing it make monotonous noises on the wireless; just as the qualities we look for in a bishop would not be enhanced by seeing him give an uneven performance in musical comedy. In the second place, it is clearly wrong that the bread should be taken out of the mouths of professional wireless entertainers by extra-terrestrial amateurs.

This last objection is a particularly cogent one. It is all very well to say that the competition from the stars cannot be so very formidable, because the stars are only audible when they are visible, and can therefore only perform at night, and in fine weather. The stars are not the only recruits to the microphone. On the evening on which the planet Venus made her *début*, (*The Times* says) "the sounds of objects were also broadcast. The American flag made a noise like an orchestra without a conductor, and a cigar made a hoarse growling sound."

Now this is serious. If people are so easily amused that they are amused by this sort of thing, there is no telling where it will end. There are, of course, some objects which it would be genuinely interesting and instructive to listen to. The shrill, elusive titter of a collar-stud, for instance: the dull, mechanical booming sound given out by a copy of the *Spectator*: the clear, bell-like note of Stilton cheese: the Italian flag, which would presumably make a noise like a conductor without an orchestra: the savage roar of a pin. To such things as these, our curiosity would give a ready hearing.

At first the public would be all agog to hear what sounds were made by objects with which it was familiar. People would tune in eagerly to listen to a fruit salad, or an occasional table, or a bowler hat. But the number of such everyday objects, though large, is not unlimited. It would soon be exhausted, leaving a few Old Favourites firmly established in the public's approval. A new demand would spring up—a lust for novelty, an unhealthy craving for the noises made by remote, improbable things. Those responsible for the wireless programmes would yield to it, and presently we should be hearing sounds recommended only by the fantastic nature of their origin. . . .

"Good evening, everybody. You are now going to hear what sort of noise it is that a celandine makes after it has been pressed between the pages of the London Telephone Directory. . . .

"Hallo, everybody. The sound you have just heard was emitted by a mole-skin waistcoat three days after it had been fired out of a cannon. The next item on the programme will be a pair of 18th century riding-boots full of Cape gooseberries. . . ."

But really, as I said before, there is no telling where it will end.

The Theatre

"Somebody Knows." By John van Druten. At St. Martin's.

Mr. van Druten belongs, technically, to the slice-of-life school. His latest play is about a murder. Now the slice of life, unlike the slice of bread and butter, is not tied to a pattern; but murder (on the stage) is. Alone among dramatic themes it has a preordained symmetry. You may say that murders are committed in the theatre simply for the purpose of being found out by the audience. That is their ultimate justification. That is why—however pitiable the victim, however inadequate the assassin's motives—we are never conscious of that sense of waste with which the account of a real murder oppresses us. We connive at holocausts in panelled libraries because, although they are crude methods of arousing our curiosity, they are also sure guarantees that our curiosity will be satisfied. To be butchered to make a Roman holiday is at least better than just being butchered.

Mr. van Druten, with a courage which is clearly much more than impudence, sets a problem to which, by all dramatic precedent, we have a right to expect an answer; and leaves it unsolved. Lily Coles is murdered in Madame Malvinetti's boarding-house in Kennington. Lance Perkins, in whom the impulses of a Casanova warred with the repressions of a Galahad, had brought her there off the streets; had offered her marriage; and had, on the night of the murder, quarrelled with her when he discovered that she was still plying her trade. Lance is arrested and charged with the murder. The circumstantial evidence against him (like Iago's) "leads directly to the door of truth," but is not quite strong enough to open it. So Lance is acquitted. The murderer's identity is known to only one person—himself; and since he is none of the characters we have seen, but a shadow of a shadow, a question-mark in the minds of imaginary people, the title *Somebody Knows* might well, in the last two scenes of the play, be changed to *Nobody Cares*.

But the trouble is that we have cared. Mr. van Druten's slice-of-life methods—the unassuming realism of his dialogue, his masterly use of reticence and understatement, the keenness of his perceptions—persuade us to waive our claims as criminologists; interest in a psychological study replaces the more vulgar curiosity proper to a sensational mystery. But there are gaps in the psychological evidence—arbitrary omissions which might have been legitimately tantalizing in a thriller, but which weaken the value of a serious play. For instance, was his counsel right in the reason he suggested for Lance's disappearance after the murder? This was a thing we had a right to know, for it was a clue to the man's character as well as to his case. The action of the play was presented in the clear, bright light of a candid realism, but the roots of action were lost in the twilight of conjecture. The effect of this was irksome. It should be added that the prologue and the epilogue are superfluous; they are both written and played in that intensely plausible manner which can be guaranteed to impart a flavour of the spurious to any scene for which the dramatic necessity is not obvious.

All the acting was good, though some of the casting was not. Miss Beatrix Thomson gave a flawless performance as the prostitute. Mr. Frank Lawton hardly managed to suggest the duality which alone could reconcile the contradictions in Lance's nature. A man who is both Galahad and Casanova is likely to dramatize himself in one or other of the *rôles*, and Mr. Lawton, though he acted very well indeed, gave us no insight into Lance's personal histrionics. Mr. van Druten's Dickensian prima donna (retired) lacks the worldliness and the hard sense with which experience would have qualified her benevolence; and Miss Muriel Aked's performance had not the expansive gusto which the part demands. As her daughter, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt acted expertly; but her sleek and formidable personality emphasized too much the bitterness, and too little the pathos, of Eunice's devotion to her unregarding hero.

PETER FLEMING.

Country Life

MISTLETOE HOSTS.

Several curiosities of nature that have just come to my notice may be worth recording, though they may be commonplaces to local doctors or professors: one of these comes from the West. During a short drive one morning in Herefordshire I saw mistletoe growing in very unusual hosts. One very flourishing bunch was on a sycamore, a youngish tree growing beside the road. The plant looked very flourishing; but a local observer with a singularly true eye both for what is beautiful and curious in nature has found a good reason why the sycamore is unpopular with this parasite (or epiphyte). The sycamore has a peculiar gift of so spreading its wide and numerous leaves—all eager to seek the sun—that it makes—not "a sunshine in a shady place"—but a shade in an else sunny place. The result is that the mistletoe will be of no value for Christmas decoration for it will have lost all its leaves, which demand sun for their perfect health.

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The other bunch of mistletoe was on a gnarled and shrivelled oak that looked as if it might have survived from the days of the Druids, those oak-worshippers. This bunch keeps its leaves, but the old, old host is so short of sap for itself, much more for its hangers-on, that the mistletoe looks like a plant of another variety, so thin and fine are the half-nurtured leaves and shoots. Last year—also in the West—I saw a yet greater curiosity, mistletoe that had been growing on a standard rose in a garden: but its rather brief life had ended and only three withered shoots (and a photograph) bore witness to the wonder. Our botanists have recently, so one of them tells me, made discoveries about this queer, romantic plant. It resembles certain types of insect which demand highly specialized hosts. Some of the sorts that will grow on one sort of tree will not grow on another. How precisely faithful each variety is to its own host is not fully determined; but it is known that the mistletoe which takes kindly to the conifer, for example, will have nothing to do with the deciduous tree, the tree that is not evergreen. One of the most unexpected plants of mistletoe is to be seen at Kew Gardens, which in the past have been quite free from this sometimes destructive parasite. A bunch has appeared on a Chinese euphorbia, a species that has perhaps never before borne such a favour. It is a puzzle: where did the seed come from?

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Now for the second curiosity. This also comes from Kew Gardens, where the Director and his gardeners have time to observe other than merely botanical aspects of the Gardens. On an ordinary day in any autumn or winter month you will not find in the Gardens more than a few stray gulls. The flocks are elsewhere, many among the crowds of people along the embankment or in St. James's Park. But visit Kew on Saturday afternoon (though the phenomenon is rather less well emphasized then) or at any hour on Sunday. You will find as many blackheaded gulls there as at St. James's. They come to meet the people, from whom they expect food; but they arrive in considerable numbers rather before the visitors. It is not true that the news travels up the river that food is going. The birds apparently know—and their ways have been carefully observed—that such and such things occur on particular days of the week. It has often been argued that colonies of rooks know their Sunday. Game preservers and hunters make a like claim for horses, foxes and game-birds; but is there any stronger evidence for such prescience in these sapient animals than the blackheaded gulls supply in their early Sunday morning visits to Kew Gardens?

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Now, Kew is sanctuary in some measure for birds and mammals as well as plants; and among its quadrupeds the grey squirrels have found there Paradisal amenities: plenty of trees to climb; human food and nature's food in variety; and the absence of destructive agents. You would have thought that they would have been on their good behaviour. They do not perhaps do much serious damage; but they have displayed a new taste peculiar to the Paradise; at least I never heard of it before, though I have kept a dossier of their food, which includes birds, eggs, greenery of all sorts, bark, peaches and other fruit, maize and wheat. They have fallen upon the lead and metal medallions on which are printed the technical names of trees. Some of these torn and bitten medals have been sent to a museum for preservation as a curiosity. Squirrels are not so omnivorous that they will eat lead as a food; but they have irritable teeth that need continual filing; and the labels have been graciously accepted as a handy instrument for the purpose.

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Before leaving Kew and its curiosities I must record the queer choice for a nest of one of the scores of blackbirds, whose mates fill the Gardens with melody. She has built on a semi-tropical plant in a hothouse. The heat is enough to discompose the sitting bird, who is seen to gasp with open beak; but she continues to brood and perhaps hopes that the extra warmth may bring on the eggs at a greater rate. A singularly odd blackbird's nest that I saw the other day in Herefordshire is wedged between the trunk of a young apple tree and the rabbit wire put up to protect the tree from sheep. The space is so narrow that the nest had to be made not circular but oval; and indeed the pattern seems to fit the boat-like shape of the bird rather better than the common round.

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BLUE SUPERSTITIONS.

A quaint comment on the fashion in blue borders and blue gardens, of which something was said in this place a few weeks ago, appears in a charming little French book, *Laura's Garden*, by the Count de Comminges (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). Thus: "The doctors are agreed that a love of blue and mauve flowers is a symptom of neurasthenia"! The queer superstition arouses an ardent confession of faith that is worth quotation. Blue flowers "are the rarest, the most delicate of all. There is the blue ground-ivy that sprouts between the stones of the dusty roadside; and the *Salvia patens*, that when it leaves the hothouse is like a Paradisal velvet. There is *Nigella*, the blue of innocence, which the Germans call *Gretchen hinter den Stunden* or *Jungfer im Grünen* and the English Love-in-a-mist. There are the Phoenician Mulleins, whose very name sets one dreaming; the delicate plumbagos, a thought chlorotic; and since this is becoming quite a list we must not forget the cornflowers of every shade, the forget-me-nots, the Nepalese aconites, the pharmaceutical borages, the generous buglosses, the anchusas, the violas, the irises . . ." Personally, I think the wild flower that I most enjoyed discovering was a blue pimpernel (on a dusty road in Majorca); and I have found no rock plant more useful than the polysyllabic but hardy *ornithogalum Cappadociae*.

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THE SWARMING BEE.

Bee-keeping seems to be on the increase in Britain; and the science of it grows in curious precision. Bees are now being scientifically bred for the inherited quality of reluctance to swarm. In a manual just published (*A Manual of Bee-keeping*, by E. B. Wedmore. Arnold, 15s.) it is thought worth while to warn such breeders that the non-swarming bees are apt to be too reluctant to breed queens! You cannot have it both ways! Poultry-keepers have discovered—and it is a very valuable discovery—that prolific egg-laying is inherited through the cock, not the hen. Bee-keepers are on the way to discover what characteristics are passed on by the drone, what by his queen. The manual in question is of singular completeness. There is no single point on which the practical bee-keeper will not find direct businesslike advice. It is a monument of minute knowledge. In the one detail only—the inwardness of the instinct to swarm—does the author allow himself a little theorizing; and the exception to his rule is very welcome. He makes a real advance in the knowledge of this strange and romantic passion in the hive bee, which has stirred the wonder of the world for thousands of years.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

Letters to the Editor

[In view of the length of many of the letters which we receive, we would remind correspondents that we often cannot give space for long letters and that short ones are generally read with more attention. The length which we consider most suitable is about that of one of our paragraphs on "News of the Week."—[Ed. SPECTATOR.]

SUNDAY AND THE SABBATH

[To the Editor of the SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Is it not time that some principle emerged and was clearly stated with regard to Sunday and its observance? Writers, readers, speakers and hearers alike seem possessed by the vaguest and filmiest ideas when engaged upon this topic. To begin with, as Dr. Johnson says, "Let us clear our minds of cant." Sunday is *not* the Sabbath Day. The Puritans, endeavouring to place all things upon an Old Testament basis, are responsible for fathering upon our Lord's Day the name of Sabbath. It has naturally resulted in the wildest confusion of thought and much error. The Sabbath Day, seventh of the week, was instituted to commemorate God's rest from Creation, and it is a Day of Rest. The Lord's Day, first of the week, was instituted to commemorate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is a Day of Worship. Of the endless mischief and mental aberration resulting from the attempt to regard the implications and sanctions of these two days as identical, no one was more completely aware than Doctor Martin Luther. To those intent on Hebraizing the Lord's Day he speaks in no uncertain terms. Regarding this novel hybrid, the Judaized Sunday, he says "Let us rend it, trample upon it, break it, smash it in pieces," or words to that exact effect.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Avonwick, S. Devon. ARNOLD HYDE.

CRIME IN THE U.S.A.

[To the Editor of the SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The most detestable crime in living memory will not have been in vain if it rouses the ordinary decent citizen in America to a realization of his own responsibility for the establishment of good government and law and order.

At present many of the best sections of the American people regard politics as a "dirty game," and instead of trying to purify it they ignore it. Much has been recently written about the inefficiency and corruption among the police and even the judiciary in the United States. Fundamentally this is to be attributed to a widespread lack of true public service and to the fact that posts in connexion with the administration of justice in America do not attract men of the standard of our own civil service. When I was last in the United States, investigating the crime situation there, a prominent member of the Harvard Law School told me that he could not recall a single law student during the last ten years whose ambition it had been to go on the Bench.

Faced with a challenge such as that of the recent kidnapping, the American public has been momentarily aroused from its apathy and has begun to advocate increased penalties as the remedy. But increased penalties will not solve the crime situation. Penalties in America are already several times as great as in this country. When Mr. Justice Finlay desired to inflict exemplary penalties upon the worst of the Dartmoor rioters he imposed sentences of eight, ten or twelve years. Such penalties are every-day occurrences in the U.S.A. There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America serving ten and fifteen years for simple burglary, and sentences of thirty or forty years are not uncommon. But the one thing necessary in crime prevention—*viz.*, certainty—is lacking in America, and largely because the ordinary decent citizen has allowed the administration of justice to get into the wrong hands.

There are many factors in American social life which undoubtedly aggravate the crime situation—race, colour and those difficulties which are bound to confront a relatively new civilization. In the degree to which these factors are absent from our British social life, we should congratulate ourselves not so much upon our virtue as our good fortune. They are problems which only time can solve. But this lack of a spirit of public service is something which cannot be thus explained away. And every ordinary decent citizen who has failed to take his right place in American public and political life cannot avoid a share of responsibility for the terrible crime in New Jersey.—I am, Sir, &c., E. ROY CALVERT.

Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

THE TOLL OF THE ROADS

[To the Editor of the SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—No one is better qualified to advise what should be done to make the roads safe than Lord Brentford, but to one who has driven a motor three hundred miles per week for the last twenty years in one of the most thickly-populated districts of this country, the fact that he with his knowledge attributes the heavy casualty list to speed and inconsideration of drivers comes as a surprise.

During my twenty years of motoring I have had three accidents, which except for a merciful Providence should have proved fatal to the other party: (1) I was passing a stationary tramcar at 7 m.p.h. when a boy on a bicycle, who had ridden up a side street, suddenly appeared across my bow from behind the tram. The fact that I was able to pull my car up in its own length did not prevent the boy from disappearing under my radiator and coming out behind between the back wheels of my car, having suffered no more serious damage than the total destruction of his bicycle. (2) I was driving dead slow along a main street in a large town when a woman carrying a large parcel stepped off the pavement, slipped up in the gutter and butted the radiator of my car. Nothing but the large parcel and a high crowned hat saved her life. (3) A motor cyclist approaching me on a wet road skidded and upset, and he and his machine slid several yards along the road and crashed into me; but by a quick swerve I was able to avert a more serious accident than two burst tyres which were struck by some part of his machine.

In neither of these cases was speed the cause of the accident, nor could I be accused of inconsiderateness. I have narrowly escaped serious accidents on several other occasions, but I can remember no instances when speed or inconsideration was the cause of the trouble, though I drive at 50–60 m.p.h. when circumstances permit.

Accidents invariably arise from the unexpected happening, *e.g.*, a child suddenly running out of a house abutting on the road, a cyclist without a rear light or suddenly changing direction, a motor 'bus stopping to pick up passengers without warning, a nervous driver, perhaps a beginner, disorganizing the natural flow of traffic by an error of judgement, or the painstaking and cautious slow driver who is always making difficulties for himself and others owing to inability to react quickly to a situation as it arises.

Surely the first step to make the roads safer is to tabulate and publish the causes of all accidents in each year under definite headings, *viz.*, the number of accidents due to speed, inconsiderate driving, motor 'buses and tramcars, cyclists, fog, skidding, unskilful driving and want of reasonable precautions on the part of pedestrians and children, &c. Such figures would condemn where condemnation is deserved: they would be a guide and a warning to the motoring and non-motoring public alike, and they would provide information on which well-considered steps could be taken in the interest of safety.—I am, Sir, &c., J. H. PARDOE.

Hill House, Cawthorne, Barnsley.

"THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE"

[To the Editor of the SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—One of the most frequent mistakes made by the writers of detective novels is the creation of an official, unknown to our system of government, entitled the Commissioner of Police, with powers over the whole country. It is amusing to find that Lord Brentford, who, as he says in his article in last week's *Spectator*, was for five years Home Secretary, and as such in charge of the police, is under the impression that he has actually met and consulted with this entirely mythical personage! I fancy his lordship is confusing him with the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the scope of whose activities is far more limited.—I am, Sir, &c.,

P. R. WHALLEY (Lieut.-Col.).

Wodewaye, Teignmouth, Devon.

THE OATH AND THE TARIFF

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is difficult to understand your view that a verdict as to the Oath should be sought from the Permanent Court at The Hague. Is it suggested that whatever such decision might be this country would be prepared to associate with and treat in the same manner as a loyal Dominion a country that expressly repudiates any loyalty to or even respect for His Majesty as Head of the British Commonwealth of Nations?

I think any loyal subject would regard with loathing and disgust the merest suggestion of associating—except as a foreign nation—with any such country. How could the decision of The Hague or any other tribunal affect the question of loyalty to the Crown?—I am, Sir, &c., J. A. EDDISON.

7 Langcliffe Avenue, Harrogate.

THE PROBLEM OF TITHE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Is there no way of terminating the unwelcome and inconvenient scenes of disorder so frequently reported in connexion with the collection of tithe? The 1925 settlement was perhaps the best "patch up" of an uneasy situation obtainable at that time; and it now seems unfortunate that all parishes were not covered by it.

Ninety-seven per cent. of the money due is collected by Queen Anne's Bounty, and one hears little or nothing of difficulties amicably adjusted. But, despite the legality of the resisted claims; despite the political animus contributing to some of these outbreaks; despite the palpable hardship they inflict upon both debtor and creditor—the fact remains that enforcement by distraint on the goods of a farmer in a county where farming is a losing trade is repugnant to good feeling—so repugnant that in Salisbury, for instance, auctioneers are declining to touch the whole miserable business. The existing position does little to commend the cause of religion as represented by the Establishment. If it be true, as indeed it is, that such cases are numerically few, then it should be so much the easier to deal with them. I understand that Queen Anne's Bounty has no power to spread the default over the whole area of the Church: and can imagine that such a power might not easily be obtained. Would it not, however, be possible for the Church to surrender her whole rights in the matter to the State on fair agreed terms—say in exchange for a lump sum of national debt—and for the State thereafter to collect the money along with other Crown taxes?

It is unfortunate for the Church of England to be so much tied up with mining royalties, tithes and ground rents, all of them forms of property which, as things are, inevitably attract the unfavourable attention of large numbers of people of whom it would be absurd to say that they are opposed to religion. It should never be forgotten that the late Archbishop of Canterbury went out of his way to say publicly that the Church should not and would not obstruct State purchase of mining royalties if the nation saw fit to adopt such a policy. An amendment and completion of the 1925 re-arrangement should not be unduly difficult.—I am, Sir, &c.,

83 *Cadogan Place, S.W.* 1. G. W. CURRIE.

"TRAVEL MUST BE BOTH WAYS"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—When the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us last autumn that the financial crisis demanded our presence at home we accepted his ruling. Then things improved, and we understood that the patriotic embargo had been lifted. Now, apparently, it has been re-imposed.

What is the reason for this new attempt to make us stay at home? Is the financial position of Great Britain worse than it was? Do the authorities think that the best way to get the foreigner to "come to Britain" is by keeping our own people at home? Economically, it sounds as logical as would be an attempt to increase exports by stopping imports.

Are we to return to the insularity for which we were famed in an earlier generation? By all means let us see Britain first and be in a position to talk intelligently about its beauties to our visitors when they come. But let us not delude ourselves with the idea that they will come unless we are prepared to pay them the compliment of returning, and, in some cases anticipating, their visits.—I am, Sir, &c.,

OLIVER BEAUMONT.

6 Coleherne Court, London, S.W. 5.

THE KEEPER

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Sir W. Beach Thomas in his ridicule of the word "keeper" appears to ignore the fact that it is used by most people as an abbreviation of "gamekeeper," and is therefore more properly written 'keeper. The game which such a man is engaged to keep is most often pheasants and partridges—at least in the south of England. And if he keeps it in sufficient quantities, whether to the exclusion of other birds and mammals or not, he "does his job."

I venture to suggest that if blackbirds were not killed in great numbers in the strawberry growing districts, Sir William and others who have fewer luxuries would have to pay a greatly enhanced price for their fruit to cover the costs of nets or of the berries eaten by the birds. In some districts the cost of producing milk would become prohibitive if farmers did not kill the rabbits and woodpigeons which eat their grass and forage crops. Vegetarians please note.—I am, Sir, &c., G. E. WARD.

Bradfield, Berks.

FILMS AND THE CHILD

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Since it is the custom to change film programmes every three days, busy parents are unable to obtain information to enable them to exercise discretion with regard to their children's seeing or not seeing the films shown in their locality. But thousands of children view films daily, and it is necessary that some power of censorship be exercised in order that they shall not see films which will assist in the production of libertines, criminals, revolutionaries, cranks or nervous wrecks. It is equally necessary that this power be exercised before the films are released throughout the country.

It is true that local councils have the final word in each locality, but since they cannot attend every trade show they must depend on some trade body for guidance; such a body is the Board of Film Censors, who should provide a guarantee that any entertainment placed before the children is free from influences which might have a devastating effect on nerves or morals. For this purpose in our opinion a new certificate is required which would effectively prevent the public exhibition of any such film to children. This being assured, the discretion of the parent should be exercised in deciding the quantity and type of films their children should see, and it would be exercised with as much unselfishness and as little self-seeking as is humanly possible.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Order of the Child, ETHEL TEED.

25 *Victoria Street, Westminster, London.*

"WARRIOR"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have only just seen the *Spectator's* critique of my book *Warrior*. Your critic suggests that I "have stepped aside to asperse others who with equal honesty" have chronicled man at war.

I know the Reichsarchiv would seriously question Remarque's authority to write on war at all. *I* can quote a case of cowardice, one of rape, and another of a bully, but such are no more typical of the British soldier in arms than are the Dartmoor convicts of the citizen in peace. I did name Remarque. No one will seriously question the authority of my experience of the War. I can add to that some special knowledge of the German people and of German soldiers, both before and since the War. Remarque's characters are wholly untypical, though they may perhaps provide material for a story. It is a fantasy of imagination to suggest, also, that in "Remarque's satellites" are a Read, a Sassoon, or a Graves. It would appear to be an act of the highest discourtesy for me to have acknowledged my gratitude to Sassoon, and more than once to have quoted Graves, if I had said by implication that the work of these writers was only fit for the sewage of literature. I claim the authority of

experience, both of the matter itself and of professional training. That is all.

Surely enjoyment is by comparison. Had your critic done me the justice of reading my pages carefully, beyond what appears as a skimming of the Foreword, he would have discovered how wholly I, like all other men, loathed the business. Yet I can, in retrospect, regard its heroisms and unselfishness, its comradeships and its rich contrasts in relief from pain, as far happier than the drab disillusion of to-day. One may witness a far fiercer revolt against modern industrial conditions than ever appeared in all the bitterness of war. At some length I have analysed these feelings. I found joy, too, in the semi-paternal command with which I was entrusted. Nothing for shame in that, unless the qualities of patriotism and loyalty are at a discount, and human kindness is taboo. The gibe in conclusion is surely unworthy.

I am glad your critic has had the opportunity of enjoying *himself* at the expense of a book, which many other critics of the highest journalistic repute, and many other journals also, with almost complete unanimity have found to be a truer picture of the citizen soldier at war than, for example, *All Quiet*, which, through its immensely advertised popularity, only besmirched the memory of the dead and the reputations of the living, whether English or German.

The *Spectator*, I feel sure, will not hold it to my discredit that with candour I pass these comments.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON.

The Old Garden, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

HOLDER AND ANOTHER *versus* INLAND REVENUE COMMISSIONERS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Bakhurst for his corrections, which were only required because (by an unfortunate error) an unrevised draft of my letter was sent to you. Nevertheless I do not understand the last paragraph of the letter. If the guarantor has to pay by reason of the principal debtor's default, how is the guarantor going to benefit by the "right to look to the principal debtor for refund of all that he has paid on his behalf"?

Apart from this consideration, why should the Revenue inflict a double tax on the guarantor? He has to pay additional and unrecoverable tax out of taxed income which, in the end, works out at ten shillings in the pound. The Revenue Commissioners have become rather too fond of eating their cake and having it too.

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. S. P. HAYNES.

9 *New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.* 2.

ADDISON'S ANCESTOR

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In a field on the southern border of a charmingly rural unspoilt Westmorland village, distant from towns and trains, is a monument that should be of some interest to the editorial staff of the *Spectator*, if not to its general readers. Maulds Meaburn is the name of the village, and it lies midway between Appleby on the east, Shap on the west, in the fair vale of the Lyvennet, a tumbling, crystal-clear tributary of the Eden. The site of the monument commands a fine prospect of farmsteads, fields and fell, copses, scattered trees and dark woods. A plantation that half encircles the field hides from view the long clean-cut ridge of the Pennine range, with broad-topped Cross Fell as its dominant feature. The monument itself is a rude four-sided block embedded in the hewn-out trough of a boulder for its base. A smoothed side of the stone bears the inscription "On this spot dwelt the paternal ancestor of the celebrated Joseph Addison. His father, Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, was born here A.D. 1632."

On another side of the stone is the family arms, consisting of three heads, apparently lioness' heads, three round rings, and the rest of the tablet is sprinkled with characters resembling the footmarks of a bird. Slow erosion undermined the monument, and it has lain prone and neglected for many years.

The conformation of the ground vaguely indicates the outline of the home of Joseph Addison's "paternal ancestor."—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. HODGSON.

"*Woodhead*," *Morland, Penrith.*

POINTS FROM LETTERS

THE "SPECTATOR" IN THE BAHAMAS

As a reader of the *Spectator* of over thirty years, I would like to add to the testimony of the Rev. Edward Hanson to the extent of its circulation, and the kindness of subscribers. It is my privilege to arrange for the supplying of newspapers and magazines to the lonely mission priests of the Bahama Islands (Nassau Mission), many of whom are entirely dependent upon such literature as may reach them by mail. Several of these priests are already receiving the *Spectator*, which they greatly appreciate, but I am anxious to hear of more subscribers who would undertake to post it out regularly, and, on receipt of a postcard to that effect, I will gladly supply an address where it would be welcome. May I add that I should be most grateful for offers of *any* good magazine to be sent out regularly, other than *Punch*, which already goes to every priest in the Mission?—ADA WELSFORD, 5 Strathray Gardens, N.W. 3.

P.S.—It may be of interest to add that for many years my own copy of the *Spectator* has gone on to an East London Settlement, and thence to a reader in South Africa.

A Hundred Years Ago

THE "SPECTATOR," MAY 19TH, 1832.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN NOVEL.—The flimsy, dull novel, full of fashion, etiquette, and politics, is superseding the fine old legend devoted to disclosing the heart and painting mind and manners. I like to have the light of fancy let in upon me through the stained glass of a gothic window, with its deep tints, its rich and mingled hues, instead of catching it through plate glass and paltry frames.

* * * *

An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only a pen for a poniard, and an inkstand for a bowl, poisons confidence, and stabs character without fear of detection.

* * * *

KING'S CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

MR. MOSCHELES has the honour to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above room, on Friday, June 1st. MR. MOSCHELES will perform his newest compositions, and Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianofortes with MR. MENDELSSOHN.—Advt.

* * * *

DEATHS.—On the 10th inst., at her residence in Abbey Street, Dublin, Mrs. MOORE, mother of the illustrious poet.

* * * *

In the House of Commons on Thursday, Sir THOMAS DENMAN made the important communication, that it was the intention of Ministers, if they returned to power, to introduce a bill for the abolition of the punishment of death in all cases of forgery. Sir EDWARD SUGDEN took the opportunity of saying, that all parties were not agreed on the propriety of such an abolition.

Poetry

The Dancer

WHEN this body, that I have schooled to interpret
Each sound in motion effortless and sure,
That rises to a pinnacle of silence,
Seeming to pause an instant there, secure,
Shall, at the last, fall from a wide-flung gesture
Into the cold rigidity of death,
And lie so heavily, that once was lighter
Than thistledown that veers to every breath,
Lay me not then in the dark earth unfriendly,
Where never leaf shall sway nor flower nod,
And I shall slowly sink into corruption
Under the grass my dancing feet have trod.

Take me, before my limbs are set in rigor,
To a tall funeral pyre on some dark night,
Where fire eats quickly through the crackling wood
As if my speed had set the stage alight,
And flames leap up like draperies that catch
Their changing colours from the spotlight's glare—
But never dance was swift as this that makes me
One with the smoke that fades upon the air,
A handful of ashes curtseying in the wind,
On tiptoe in some strange fantastic measure;
For so in death I dance to please myself
That gave my life to dance for others' pleasure.

PHYLLIS HARTNOLL.

"Spectator" Competitions

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Entries must be typed or very clearly written on one side of the paper only. The name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor must be on each entry and not on a separate sheet. When a word limit is set words must be counted and the number given. No entries can be returned. Prizes may be divided at the discretion of the judge, or withheld if no entry reaches the required standard. The judge reserves the right to print or quote from any entry. The judge's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the award. Entries must be addressed to :—The Editor, the *Spectator*, 99 Gower Street, London, W.C. 1, and be marked on the envelope Competition No. (——).

Competition No. 58 (Set by "Dugli.")

It is assumed that a group of English prizewinners in the Dublin Derby Sweep combine to offer their joint winnings, amounting in all to about £100,000, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for any national purpose chosen by him. A prize of £2 2s. is offered for an extract from the speech in which he accepts or declines the offer. No extract may exceed 500 words in length.

Entries must be received not later than **Monday, May 23rd, 1932.** The result of this competition will appear in our issue of June 4th, 1932.

Competition No. 59 (Set by "Card.")

It is supposed that by the year 1952 the Derby has become a contest between mechanical vehicles. A prize of £2 2s. is offered for the best poem, of not more than thirty lines, describing the race.

Entries must be received not later than **Monday, May 30th, 1932.** The result of this competition will appear in our issue of June 11th, 1932.

The result of Competition No. 57 will appear in our next issue.

Limerick Competition No. 29

A prize of £1 1s. is offered each week for a new and original English Limerick verse on some subject dealt with in the current number of the *Spectator*. The twenty-ninth of these competitions closes on Monday, May 30th, 1932. Entries should be marked "Limerick No. 29."

The result of the twenty-seventh of these competitions will be announced in our next issue.

[It is requested that, to facilitate the work of the judges, entries should, when possible, be submitted on postcards.]

Result of Limerick Competition No. 26

The most popular subjects for Limericks this week were: "Men and Women" (Aldous Huxley, Stella Benson), "Goldylocks and Curlypoll" (Sean O'Faoláin), "Chesterton and Chaucer" (George Rylands).

The prize is awarded to W. A. Rathkey, 14 Oxford Road, N.W.6.

THE WINNING ENTRY.

Book Reviews.

A reviewer of books bawled: "Some scamp
Has pinched my Superlative Stamp;
It was big and superb,
And it had every blurb
That could save a poor writer from cramp!"

W. A. Rathkey.

Commended:

"Make this an Ulster year" (Advt., p. 641).

An Ulster year? Hang it! I say!
I have hopefully put mine away.
Is the summer this year
To be very severe?
Must I wear the d—d thing every day?

W. Hodgson Burnet.

Report of Competition No. 56

(Report and Award by "Dugli.")

A prize of £2 2s. was offered for a Rhyming Alphabet on Gardening and Gardens. Readers seem to have enjoyed this competition. There have been a great many entries, almost all of which go with the cheerful dash that suggests rushing, with earthy hands, to write at the corner of the potting-shed table, rather than with much thought under the midnight lamp.

A was an Apple in about half the entries, B a Bee or a Bean or a Bulb, C a Cabbage or a Cucumber, and it was pleasant to find, among a forest of Endives and Evergreens, one E "for elevenses, earned and enjoyed"!

The entries of John Hughes, Halj, Heber Shipley, Mrs. J. E. Parkinson, W. Hodgson Burnet, Launceston, Mai Edge, Sylvia Groves, O. E. A. and C. E. Wyley are commended.

The prize of two guineas is divided between Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Goddard, 45 Warwick Road, S.W.5, and Gerald Summers, Ferndown, Wimborne, Dorset.

THE WINNING ALPHABETS.

A Gardener's Rhyming Alphabet.

A was an Amateur starting a garden.
B were the Beds, like the Forest of Arden.
C was the Clearing he had to commence with.
D was the Drainage he could not dispense with.
E was the Exercise all this entailed.
F was the Fervour which freely prevailed.
G was the Garden, when cleared of its weeds.
H was his Haste as he shoved in his seeds.
I his Impatience, awaiting the outcome.
J was his Joy when he saw the first sprout come.
K was his Keenness to show it his friends.
L the Libation which made some amends.
M were the Marigolds. Marry! What gilding!
N Nature herself, who did most of the building.
O was the Orchard, one pear tree, which sickened.
P was the Plot, a new grass one, which thickened.
Q was the Quickset which might have set quicker.
R was the Roller on loan from the Vicar.
S was the Spade which he called the "dam shovel."
T were the Tools huddled up in a hovel.
U was the Use, or misuse, they were put to.
V the Variety of Flower and of root too.
W the War ever waged on the weed.
X the eXperience a garden must need.
Y are the Years which, of course, bring assistance.
Z is the Zest which one gives to existence.

F. A. Goddard (Lt.-Col.).

A Gardener's Rhyming Alphabet.

A 's his apt Answer "I came at 8" (liar!).
B is the Baccy he loads in his briar;
C 's his slow Carriage with gait like the gouty;
D stands for Dalliance (who said he was doughty?).
E 's his Evasiveness—hard to forgive it is!
F is the Field of his gentle activities;
G is my Garden—a jungle! I'm through with it!
H is Herbaceous, but nothing to do with it;
I is the Increase of blight over blossom;
J is old Jarge himself (wily opossum!).
K is the Kick I'll impart lest he's wary;
L are his Lawns that look more like the prairie;
M 's the mechanical Mower that drags him;
N 's the mere Notion of labour that fags him;
O 's the odd egg from our 88 pullets;
P are the Peas he lets harden like bullets;
Q is the Query "What use are the potting sheds?"
R stands for Refuse and rubbish and rotting sheds;
S are the Seeds that bloom only in catalogues;
T are the Tulip bulbs—might as well scatter logs!
U is the Umbrage he takes when I rate him;
V 's my Vexation—ye gods! how I hate him!
W are Wiles—his are many, dear readers;
X is his Exit when borders cry "Weed us!"
Y 's the smart Youth they employ at "The Cedars";
Z is a Zany—myself, for I know
I ought to have sacked the man ages ago.

Gerald Summers.

Commended:

A Gardener's Rhyming Alphabet.

A for the Artichokes Autumn will bring;
B for the Birds Building nests in the spring.
C stands for Cuttings and Cabbages too;
D is the Digging you Damn well must do.
E shows the Earwigs the Evergreens hide;
F for the Frame and the Frogs found inside.
G is the Grass that we hope will grow Green;
H is the Hedge where a Hedgehog's been seen.
I for Insecticide (Insects as well);
J is the Joy of the first Jargonelle.
K indicates Knives and the Kale that they slice;
L signifies Lettuce, Lawn-mower and Lice.
M murmurs of Moles—and their Mounds too, remember;
N forecasts the Nuts that we'll eat in November.
O stands for both Orchard and Onion (how odd!);
P for the Peas running nine to a Pod.
Q is the Quassia that Quashes a pest;
R is the Rake you must use without Rest.
S shows the Soot you should spread for the Slugs;
T tells of the Trowels we carry in Trugs.
U Urges us now to cut Undergrowth down,
while V vaunts the Veges our Vigour has grown.
W whispers of Worm and of Wasp;
X doubled or trebled is good when you gasp.
Y Yells that the pig has got loose in the Yard;
Z 's the Zest of the Zealot who gardens so hard.

John Hughes.

Shakespeare's Testimonials

A History of Shakespearian Criticism. By Augustus Ralli. (Oxford University Press. Humphrey Milford. 2 Vols. 42s. 6d.)

I HAVE before me a worn volume of plays in half-calf, which includes *Hamlet* as performed at the Theatre-Royal in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The frontispiece is a charming engraving of Mrs. Lessingham in the character of Ophelia, with hair falling below the waist and a profusely flowered, loose-bodied gown. The text is pared to the quick and salved with some engaging footnotes. "(*Enter two Grave-diggers.*) (These gentry, and their quibbling humour, certainly trespass upon decorum; but the moral reflections occasioned by the grave, &c., make ample amends.)" On Hamlet's Alexander soliloquy the comment is: "Read this speech, titled Pomp, with due attention, and shrink into thy original nothingness." Time has his revolutions. Will the *obiter dicta* of our commentators to-day seem as fantastic to posterity? We note two things. First, the moral attitude of the eighteenth century, whose dictator complained, however, that Shakespeare seems often to write with no moral purpose—*autres temps, autres moeurs*. And secondly, the style. Much may be justified by style. Now Mr. Ralli has made an abstract of all that has been written about Shakespeare in England, France and Germany from Ben Jonson to the present time. It has been a labour of Hercules, a labour of love, such as Shakespeare often inspires. But what is the substance without the style? "Jonson's mind," says Mr. Ralli, "was critical—but he was great enough to discern Shakespeare's opposite genius. Yet he . . . withdrew much of his earlier praise by over-insisting on Shakespeare's carelessness and facility." Yes, indeed! Or as Ben himself puts it:

> ". . . . call forth thundring Aeschylus,
> Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
> Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
> To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
> And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
> Leave thee alone for the comparison
> Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

And contrariwise:

> "He was, indeed, honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too."

Criticism, Raleigh tells us, is literature suggested by a book. But Shakespearian criticism when it has been through Mr. Ralli's abstracting and condensing machinery ceases inevitably to be literature; and therefore ceases to be criticism. Let me give one more example. Johnson has a magnificent paragraph on Shakespeare's conceits. It opens thus:

> "A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible."

And closes:

> "A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world and was content to lose it."

The whole paragraph becomes for Mr. Ralli's purposes:

> "He will always turn aside to pursue a quibble."

For my part I am not sophisticated enough, I confess, to prefer a meat tabloid to a plate of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. I do not wish to disparage Mr. Ralli's industry; his summaries are level-headed and conscientious. But for whom are these two monumental volumes designed? Not, I hope, for the student. The overworked lecturer and journalist, all those dealers in literature who keep one eye on the clock, all those who prefer to have their reading done for them and their minds made up by others, will be assisted in their business of stuffing out an article or in their aspirations to appear men of learning. There is a place for these two volumes in a small library which has no space for the texts themselves. One can discover in a moment what Gildon said in 1714; what Tieck said in 1826; how Celtic the Bard appeared to Chevrillon in 1916. I have much enjoyed making the acquaintance of Elizabeth Griffith (1775) who points out that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* contains the lesson that children should obey their parents. The eighteenth century, like the Duchess in *Alice*, sought in all things for a moral, and Mrs. Barbauld was distressed at its omission in *The Ancient Mariner*, although it is perhaps as moral a poem as any in the language. On the other hand, Mrs. Griffith is original and acute when she denies that Polonius should be played by a comic actor.

For the learned few then *A History of Shakespearian Criticism* has its possibilities; for the unscrupulous it has its uses; but I would warn off the undergraduate. Let him go to the texts themselves; to criticism which by virtue of its style is also literature. The Shakespeare reading list presents every year (at Cambridge, at any rate) a difficult problem. I venture to advise as follows: Johnson's *Preface*, A. C. Bradley, Granville Barker, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (MacCallum), *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies* (Lawrence); and certain pamphlets: *The Foundations of Shakespeare's Text* (Pollard), *Shakespeare's English* (Gordon), *Leading Imagery* (Spurgeon), *A Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting* (Abercrombie). There are others, of course, to be explored (Dryden, Hazlitt, Coleridge), but this is a beginning. At a much later stage Mr. Ralli's labours will open diverse roads.

This is an article about a book about books about a book. It only remains for someone to write a letter about this article about a book about &c., &c., &c., for the unreality of criticism to be gloriously exemplified. The more humdrum alternative would be to re-read *King Lear*. One serious omission is to be noted—George III, who said of Shakespeare: "Sad stuff! Sad stuff!" Might not Shakespeare make the truly Elizabethan retort to all his critics: "*Tu quoque!*"

GEORGE RYLANDS.

How Lloyd George Became Premier

Politicians and the War, 1914-1916. Vol. II. By Lord Beaverbrook. (The Lane Publications. 7s. 6d.)

THERE must always be a kind of interlude between politics and history when the one is dead and the other has not yet come to birth. So far as the War is concerned we are in just such an interlude to-day; not only the figures of the period but even the problems with which they were faced seem unimportant to us who are struggling with our own problems, more indefinite, of a greater complexity and perhaps more urgent than theirs. And the political crisis of 1916, with which Lord Beaverbrook mainly concerns himself in the present volume of his reminiscences and which marked, indeed, a turning point in the course of the War and of the world's history, is more remote from us than it will be from our descendants.

Of the inner history of that crisis Lord Beaverbrook, who was at its centre, can speak with unequalled authority. And his account of it, while the earlier chapters are marred by a somewhat tiresome irrelevance, rises in the end to match his theme, which is a tragic one. He is not impartial; nor does he affect impartiality. But he is sincere, and he strives always to do justice to the motives of those who were opposed to him; there is only one statesman (it is not Mr. Asquith) whom he allows himself to dislike. History, as Lord Beaverbrook himself confesses, will not endorse all his judgements, but we may be sure that it will not ignore his evidence.

Very little was known at the time of the circumstances which led to the sudden downfall of the first Coalition Government. It was generally suspected that the Prime Minister was the victim of an unholy alliance between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe; that the Conservative members of the Government were united in an endeavour, disloyal in itself but justified by the event, to overthrow their chief; and that Mr. Asquith, faced by an irresistible combination of hostile forces, in his own Cabinet, in Parliament and in the country, succumbed, not, indeed, without dignity, but without effort. Lord Beaverbrook disposes of each of these hypotheses. He shows that Lord Northcliffe, the champion of the soldiers against the politicians, was as hostile to Mr. Lloyd George as he was to Mr. Asquith; that there was only one of the Tory leaders who was not the opponent, more or less bitter, of the

War Secretary; that Mr. Asquith put up a stubborn and sustained resistance, and that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law, when they forced the issue, stood absolutely alone in the Cabinet and seemed to their colleagues to be inviting for themselves inevitable and probably irretrievable humiliation.

Apart from its main theme *Politicians and the War* is interesting for the indications which it gives of the part played by its author in those decisive days. Lord Beaverbrook contends that his own part was a small one, but the evidence which he himself adduces will not sustain his contention. It is true that the War, as it so frequently did, was going badly in the autumn of 1916. It was becoming daily more evident that the Government was an ineffective instrument for its prosecution; and there was a vague feeling in the country that Mr. Lloyd George was the man of the hour. But Mr. Lloyd George, in 1916, did not enjoy that immense prestige which later attached to the architect of victory; he was without a following in Parliament, and he was distrusted, as an ambitious and not over-scrupulous adventurer, by every one of his colleagues in the Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George was a menace to the Government. But it was still possible, by means of a dissolution, to dispose of the menace and so to fortify the administration. And this solution of the crisis must have led in the end, in Lord Beaverbrook's view, to a Peace by Negotiation.

Such a disaster (if, indeed, it would have been the disaster which we thought it in 1916) was averted by Lord Beaverbrook. Then a back-bench member of the House of Commons, he set himself, with patience, tact and skill, to overcome the distrust in which the leader of the Conservative Party held the Secretary of State for War, and to bring the two men together. He succeeded. The Government which had seemed, for all its weakness, to be impregnable, tottered and collapsed; and the author of its ruin was relegated, oddly, surprisingly and, from his own point of view, disastrously, to the gilded obscurity of the Second Chamber. RICHARD LAW.

The Terrific Duchess

Sarah Churchill. By Frank Chancellor. (Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.)

MR. CHANCELLOR has renounced writing a "lively" biography and has aimed at a "faithful portrait." "The chief aim of a biographer," he justly says, "should be to tell the truth about his subject"; and he might have added that in discovering the truth is where the biographer gets his fun. But then biography is an art; all art is distortion, not to achieve falsehood, but to portray truth more vividly. Mr. Chancellor does tell the truth, but he has been so scrupulous that he has made the portrait a trifle too formal; and his careful avoidance of the dramatic tends to rob his picture of life. The only piece of drama he presents is where he quotes the Duchess' well-known account of her pursuit of Anne to Kensington for a last, despairing interview. He claims that previous volumes on Sarah Churchill have been malicious, or have submerged her under descriptions of her time, or paid too much attention to the Duke: but surely this is not true. To quote only one of several well-proportioned works, there is Mrs. Thomson's admirable biography. His publishers claim that he has thrown "a new and pleasing light upon her domestic relations with the great Duke." Pleasing, yes; but not new: the light shines as strong in Lord Wolseley's unfinished life of the Duke.

But no book about the tremendous, strong-willed Duchess can be dull. There is so much material, provided by the Duchess herself, in depicting the years from her coming to Court to 1710, that much of the inner history of the time is revealed, and as much of the Duchess' character as she thought fit to make known. Mr. Chancellor is a little too inclined to trust everything the Duchess says, and though he knows the account was slightly garbled, it was probably more so than he supposes, as Mr. William King showed in his preface to his edition of the *Account*. And so he is apt to take his subject's opinion of the people she disliked for accurate pictures. He accepts the Duchess' Mrs. Masham, regards her as a snake, "ill-favoured, deferential, smooth-voiced, mean," neglecting Swift's view that she was a person "of great truth and sincerity, without the least admixture of falsehood or disguise; of a boldness and courage superior to her sex; firm and disinterested in her friendship." The most he has to say about the "all-accomplished" Somers is to echo a remark Sarah Churchill makes about him in her Characters, that he made money dishonourably. In fearing to submerge his heroine, he passes much too lightly over the other characters she had to do with; he gives us, for instance, no clear conception of Godolphin, and altogether skates so rapidly over the politics of the day that we get no sense of the excitement they engendered at the time—and, indeed, no clear view of what they were about.

The list of authorities given at the end is respectable enough, but Mr. Chancellor has given only the published sources available to the general reader, and has omitted the more recondite ones. But is not this the wrong way about? If the sources are available, we know them. What we want to know is where he gets his information about lesser-known points: where, for instance, he learns that William III hated Marlborough? The authorities he quotes for Vanbrugh are poor; only Lovegrove and Beresford Chancellor. Failing Mr. Webb's Introduction to the fourth volume of the Nonesuch *Vanbrugh*, there are the Newcastle MSS. Had Mr. Chancellor consulted either of these sources, he would have avoided the error of saying that the Duchess dismissed Vanbrugh after litigation, whereas Vanbrugh himself threw up the job in 1716, and there was no law-suit until 1721. Indeed, except where the Duchess herself is concerned, Mr. Chancellor's historical researches are superficial, a weakness where a person of political importance is in question. His views of Charles II, indeed, are very strange: he had "no strength of character"; he was "too indolent and self-indulgent for any serious application to business." This of the man whose character was so strong, his application to business (though hidden) so strenuous, that he restored absolute monarchy and dished the Whigs! Mr. Chancellor's short description of the Restoration period is too distorted even for art. "Young men of *haut ton* vastly diverted the town by appearing naked in the streets." Did they? Surely the only recorded occasion is when Sedley vastly shocked the town by stripping himself on a balcony. Public nakedness, on the whole, was confined to religious fanatics.

Yet it would not be fair to say that Mr. Chancellor does not give an accurate account of the great Sarah; only that his work lacks profundity and movement. Nothing much in the way of facts is produced that is not to be found in other biographies; but Mr. Chancellor does make the point that the Duchess, outwardly so successful, failed inwardly because of her lack of sympathy with others. She was hopelessly impercipient. Another reason was that to her own mind she was always in the right. And besides, there was much of Atossa in her. Pope, of course, missed the pathetic side of the poor old woman, bed-ridden and hag-ridden by a spectral Walpole, playing over her tunes on her musical box, living in present hatred of her descendants, and in her memories of glory and the great Duke, and muttering to herself the passage from *Aureng-Zebe* which begins: "When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat." But it was she, as Mr. Chancellor points out, who had cheated herself; she had no good cause to complain against life. After all, she was the greatest woman of her time. BONAMY DOBRÉE.

The Modern Anthropologist

At Home with the Savage. By J. H. Driberg. (Routledge. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is an admirable introduction to modern anthropology—not the science which a cynic once described as "stones, bones and dirty stories about black people." The author avers that the "stones have little practical relevance to-day," and that the "bones" are "not sufficiently human"—with "little beyond an academic interest." There is not a single "smoking room story" in the book, and despite these defects it is first-class modern anthropology. It tells of life, it sees life steadily and it sees it whole because it deals with cultures as units and "every culture is a unity in itself and no aspect of culture can be understood except in relation to its own background." Men who know the habits of the Schools little dream that the old formula, "Explain with reference to the context" is the essential secret of this revolutionary science.

The old order gives place everywhere and here the man who

has faced the facts, who has lived the life, and has seen at close quarters the stark humanity of alien cultures, is set above the armchair philosopher who turns out pretty epigrams and new theories at short notice. Nevertheless, the study has its uses—and abuses. It has a functional value and we suspect a high survival value. Science demands discipline, is impossible without technique, must keep alive the link between theory and fact, and he who would be an anthropologist must settle down to hard work, and "the cold, abstract, unemotional scientist should stay at home," for he is dealing with men and women, and has human nature, human life, to study. The field worker must learn their language, and bear in mind that "the nature and structure of language is bound up intimately with the structure of society and is a clear reflex of the tribe's psychology." Think of Erse and the Free State; the commotion about Maltese, the proscription of Polish and the *question Polonaise*; remember how the Talings of Burma were harassed, plundered, slaughtered, and yet held and hold to their speech as a part, "an element and instrument" of their culture which they defended as a whole.

It is the business of the anthropologist to furnish us with spectacles, to remove ignorance and prejudice, to put the whole truth before us, and to set the gossip in his proper place. He, above all men, must avoid the "heresy that the aberration is more important than the norm." Here we shall see how the perennial problems of social life are tackled and solved and—it may be—find advantage from our troubles. There are sex questions; there are questions of misfits; there are economic difficulties. Here are folk who hold that ancestors are reincarnated in the bodies of children—so that "every individual is linked up with some bygone member of the family." This expresses that sense of continuity with the past which explains the strength of the conservatism, the sheet-anchor of the anthropologist.

From these pages we learn what good Wykehamists know—how manners makyth men. Yet to the savage (the other kind of civilized man) we appear to have "domineering and hectoring ways, appalling egotism and certainty that we are the best in the best of all possible worlds." We must learn humility if we are to be good anthropologists. We must not go as uplifters—that is not our business. We are going among folk whose life is highly and intelligently regulated. We find them set in a world of status wherein each man is bound to do his duty to those above him, to his fellows, and to those below him, so that an equilibrium may be maintained throughout the whole society—up to the ancestors—who are the living that were and are again to be, and the gods above them. In Africa, whereof the author speaks vividly from a rich fund of personal experience, "Everything," said Mary Kingsley, "works by spirit on spirit." We must not yield to our habit of analysis; we must resist the temptation of framing definitions, "dangerous things, apt to recoil on the heads of their inventors"; we must refuse to stick neat labels on our discoveries and must heed the caution that "labels are often libels." Religion—magic—all the 'isms—may help us to a point, but must be viewed synthetically, as elements in an organic whole—a living whole in a definite environment.

Two chapters out of this excellent book may be singled out for special note and attention. They deal with Law and Education. Mr. Driberg shows "the fundamental flexibility of the law." "Legal fictions abound . . . primitive law is no more static than the rest of culture, but adapts itself to the changing requirements of the country." And we can see that this is done quite simply with reasonable speed, with due regard to conservative tradition so that "expansion of legal theory accompanies expansion in law." What a lesson for a country where "the judges are slaves to the past and despots for the future." Of the sanctions and machinery of the law there is much said which should be noted by all who think of the majesty of the law in terms of policemen and prisons.

The continuity of culture is assured by the processes of education. The conditions in which the transmission of knowledge is effected are of paramount importance to science and to practical politics. What is taught, when, how and by whom, have all to be surveyed, and so wrapped are we in schemes of education by books that we neglect or pay but little heed to the thousand factors which contribute—without our conscious knowledge—to our education. There is formal teaching in the lower culture; there are organized institutions, there is an apprehension of individual quality. With them, as with us, these processes start in the home, at the mother's knee, and the pattern of the lessons of the family life spread out and set the trend of all later development. The facts of family life, of the circle of the persons with whom intercourse is maintained by the conditions of everyday life, dominate all later experience. Think of the vocabulary of the "savage" who "requires nearer 2,000 words to express himself," of the training in economics, civics, ethics, genetics, botany, astronomy, medicine, which lead up to full citizenship, parenthood and high social responsibility. We grumble about a crowded curriculum. Let us be humble again. Legends, tales, dreams, myths, ceremonies, dances, games, all sorts of activities have a part in their scheme of education. With us it is not necessary to change; it is necessary not to change. That change must come is clear. That there is much—much more than was ever before realized—in the lives and customs, in the ideas and ideals of the lower and simpler cultures that must be presented for disintegration and protected against reformers, this book shows convincingly. It should be studied by all workers at anthropology; by all of high or low degree who have the care of other men; by Colonial administrators, by missionaries and by those who have to live amidst this civilization.

The Irrational Age

Under the Fifth Rib. A Belligerent Autobiography. By C. E. M. Joad. (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)
Thirteen Such Years. By Alec Waugh. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
My Flesh and Blood. A Lyric Autobiography. By G. S. Viereck. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Joad is a good hater in the same sense that some men are called good losers, because they do not care sufficiently about the game to mind defeat. Life has given him much material for hatred, but his hatred has an air of unreality, as have cards played for high stakes by men who can afford to lose. Perhaps he is too witty to be convincing. He wants the world to be made rational, but in the meanwhile he enjoys the Gilbertian irrationality: the modern love of nature which is destroying the countryside; the classical education which admitted him to the Civil Service and a career of writing long minutes—

"on the number of drawers which should properly be contained by the desk of the secretary of a committee dealing with the employment of boys and girls under seventeen belonging to Bootle."

His autobiography, which contains little information about his life and a great deal about his opinions, is always amusing. He hits all round the compass. No one with any opinions at all can fail to raise horrified hands at some passage or another. His mind, he confesses, ceased to develop at twenty-three; he ought to be relegated to an Edwardian museum with the sociological novel, the suffragette and the Fabian Society, but he is too outrageous for a museum:

"Shaw, he writes, became for me a kind of God. I considered that he was not only the greatest writer of his time (I still think that), but the greatest English writer of all time (and I am not sure that I don't still think that, too)."

Like the Discobólos at Montreal he would have to be draped. He cannot be caught out. Laugh at him for a period enthusiasm: he has already laughed at himself. Argue with him and this wily rationalist has wriggled from the grasp with an unblushing irrationality. On one subject, pacifism, he is serious. His hatred of war is expressed with a bitter clarity; patriotism fills him with "a kind of puzzled distaste"; in this case the irrationality of man brings him nearer despair than laughter:

"To the work of destruction they will bring a nobility, a forgetfulness of self, a truly religious spirit which the work of construction is powerless to evoke. Thus, were it not for the good in men, most of the evil in the world would have remained undone."

This section of his book is a great performance; it should receive the best of all applause, a long silence before the hands move.

Compared with this Mr. Waugh's analysis of the last thirteen years is very petty. Mr. Joad's generalized man is flashed in a close-up on Mr. Waugh's screen and loses his significance. He is just a "good fellow" who "can hold his liquor." Mr. Waugh mixes competently told fact with badly told fiction in an odd way. Real people, Mr. Hugh Kingsmill and Mr.

Milton Hayes, are surrounded by strange phantoms from the popular magazines, a Brigadier-General who is faced with a Quandary, Olivia Sergeant, the good bad girl, Gavin Herriot, a master of unassuming dialogue: "What about just a quail," he said, "then a tranquil minute or so upon the balcony?" There is no division between fact and fiction, and when Muriel Jamieson, "her eyes soft and wide, shining through the twilight, half swayed to him, so that the perfumed fragrance of her body rose about him; swayed to him with parted lips," her conduct seems the more shameless for Mr. Kingsmill's presence on a previous page.

It will be remembered that when Lorelei went and saw "Dr. Froyd" he was

> "very, very surprised at a girl who did not dream about anything. . . . So then Dr. Froyd said that all I needed was to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep."

Much the same advice was given by another psycho-analyst to Mr. Viereck. By that time he had won the love of Helen of Troy, Little Maid of Sappho, the Blonde Marguerite, and Erna Brausewetter, and written a good deal of verse on Sin and the Sphinx and Nineveh, as well as "probably the first love poem written in a Zeppelin." That was when "some years before the War I flew with Helen of Troy over the City of Frankfort in one of the first Zeppelins. Her husband, remaining below, raged that a young poet had flown away with his heart." His poems have been highly praised by Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Viereck attributes his talent to his Hohenzollern blood. "My great-great-grand-uncle Frederick the Great was a voluminous writer on philosophical subjects."

GRAHAM GREENE.

Makers of Canada

The United Empire Loyalists: Founders of British Canada. By A. G. Bradley. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

Hudson's Bay Company. By Robert E. Pinkerton. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

THE ill-treatment and expulsion of the loyalists in the revolting colonies form one of the saddest chapters in American history, but under Providence were to prove of incalculable benefit to Canada and Great Britain. Mr. Bradley's well-planned, well-informed and attractive book on the United Empire Loyalists shows how this came about. He begins by recalling his early days in Virginia and his first visit to Canada, so long ago as 1873, to confirm his belief that the colonial American was very unlike the eighteenth-century Englishman, and that, in particular, Thackeray and others who have pictured the Virginian planters as well-mannered English Cavaliers were profoundly mistaken. Mr. Bradley thinks that the loyalist section, which was everywhere considerable and in some districts formed the majority, was mainly drawn from the educated and wealthy classes. It is clear, at any rate, that those who took refuge in Canada, to the number of about 60,000, were exceptionally intelligent and resolute people. More than half of them went to Nova Scotia, the southern part of which province was formed into the new province of New Brunswick. The others, including many farmers and disbanded soldiers from the loyal corps, colonized Upper Canada, founded its capital at York (Toronto) and developed its resources so quickly that a generation later, in the War of 1812-14, Canadian forces were able to beat off far larger American armies of invasion. Mr. Bradley gives a somewhat detailed account of this conflict so as to show that, however unsatisfactory from the British standpoint, it inspired Canada with confidence and a sense of its own separate destiny. The war was far from popular in the United States. Vermont continued to supply foodstuffs to the Canadian forces throughout the campaign. In Canada, on the other hand, both French and English were united in a resolve to defend their country. Moreover, when the war ended, emigrants from Great Britain flocked to Canada in great numbers. Thousands of Wellington's veterans, both officers and men, were encouraged to take up land in Upper Canada, and found themselves in congenial company. It is no wonder that the political and economic development of British Canada was rapid, or that its constitutional advance took a definitely English form. Fortunately the French in Lower Canada had been confirmed in all their rights by the Quebec Act before this great British immigration took place, so that they could have no real cause of quarrel with Upper Canada, and, once the idea of federation was grasped, peaceful progress was assured. Thus the expulsion of the loyalists from the United States, harsh and unjust as it was, proved to be the making of the Dominion.

Another factor in Canadian history is treated, picturesquely though with less skill and more heat, by Mr. Pinkerton in his history of the Hudson's Bay Company. He tells us that he himself has trapped and hunted with Indians and lived for months at a Hudson's Bay post in the North-West, and his experience has helped him to describe with understanding the adventurous journeys of the early explorers, and to do justice to Radisson and Groseillers, the two seventeenth-century French traders through whom the Company came to be founded in 1670. It is a pity that Mr. Pinkerton should waste pages in cheap sneers at the London courtiers and merchants—the "gentleman adventurers" of Charles the Second's charter—for not developing the undertaking on modern lines and at high speed. Such complaints show a lack of the historic sense. They seem, moreover, peculiarly inept just now when the whole world, including the United States, is suffering from superabundant production. Probably the Hudson's Bay Company knew its business better than the author supposes, for it still survives. Mr. Pinkerton attributes its good fortune to the influence of the Montreal concern, the North-West Company, with which it was amalgamated in 1821. No doubt the enterprising Scotsmen who built up a fur trade at Montreal from about 1770, after the British conquest of Canada, infused a new spirit into the old Company. But there is no need to take sides, as so many modern writers have done, in the old quarrel between the two companies directed from London and from Montreal. There was room at that time for both, though the methods employed by the competitors were sometimes undesirable, especially in regard to the sale of liquor to the Indians. The agents of the North-West Company, especially Alexander Mackenzie, did much good work in exploring the unknown regions up to the Rockies and beyond to the Pacific. In their birch-bark canoes with Canadian *voyageurs* they ranged far and wide in the search for furs. Selkirk's Red River Settlement in 1812–1820 is described with little sympathy. The author seems to take the side of the Montreal traders who regarded Selkirk's Highlanders as intruders into their domain. Yet it was a courageous enterprise, and from it, after the first troubled years, developed the great province of Manitoba. Selkirk's methods may be criticized, but his vision of a permanent colony on the prairies, as distinct from scattered posts of mere traders, has been abundantly justified.

Dorothy Wordsworth

Dorothy Wordsworth. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. (Chatto and Windus. 15s.)

THE amount of research that has gone to the making of this book is positively astonishing. Dorothy Wordsworth spent some years of her girlhood at Halifax, with her relatives the Threlkelds. Miss Maclean has dug into that period with the diligence of a detective investigating footprints. She has discovered from chapel registers that one of the Threlkelds was named Ann; from other sources that Ann's husband, John Ferguson, died on April 26th, 1775; and she has unearthed the dates of birth of the whole Pollard family because Dorothy was an intimate friend of one of them. The same unwearied persistence is revealed on nearly every page of her book. It is impossible not to admire it. Whether it was worth doing at all one may doubt; but it has certainly been done well; and the work, so far, deserves the praise given it by Professor Harper on the cover: "Miss Maclean has gone to original sources for all important (and even many relatively unimportant) details. I scarcely see how it could be more accurately done."

Unluckily, Miss Maclean's enthusiasm expresses itself not merely in accuracy but in less pleasing ways. We are gradually getting rid of the sneering biography—the work in which the author's nominal hero is made his butt. It is not, however, certain that we have gained by the substitution of the exclamatory variety for the malicious and sarcastic kind. If one thought oneself doomed to the fate of a "Life" after death, one would almost rather be cleverly maligned than bespattered with laudatory interjections.

Miss Maclean's book belongs to the exclamatory class. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive of a sneering biography of Dorothy Wordsworth. But we could well do without the apostrophes and bursts of semi-poetry which occur at pretty regular intervals throughout the volume. They remind us of Virgil's address to Nisus and Euryalus—but the rest of the book is not an *Aeneid*. When the servant Molly dies, we have "That dark, unwanted, poor unfurnished head, whose cradle was toil and whose bed of rest was but a grave, has upon it a kingly seal, the patient passionate questioning of much sorrowful mystery." A phrase or two of this is from Carlyle: but what suits *Sartor Resartus* does not suit a documented chronicle. Again, when little Tom dies, and the family leaves Grasmere for Rydal, we are favoured with a two-page dithyramb. "Weep not, Dorothy! Thou shalt return, thou shalt return to happy Grasmere, and then there shall be no more weeping. Yet not awhile! The cattle shall browse over the children's graves in the early summer mornings; many May-times shall shed their white blossoms and many Januaries their snows; Dora shall come here to rest, and William shall lie beside his bright daughter—and to thee shall be appointed a long twilight of the soul, ere thou shalt find peace." The pathos of that sad time might well have been left to speak for itself.

Professor Harper says that the book may become a classic. As a matter of fact, it is wanting in precisely that restraint which is the special mark of classicism. Should the opportunity come, it might be made into a good book by a vigorous use of the sponge.

E. E. KELLETT.

Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt. By Henry F. Pringle. (Cape. 18s.)

MR. ROOSEVELT was a great lover of himself, and the book in which his latest biographer, Mr. Henry F. Pringle, follows him through his sixty uneasy years has no need to be anything but scrupulously fair for the final verdict to be unfavourable. Mr. Pringle's book is conspicuously successful; it is a model of how very modern history is to be written. All the references are given for every statement, but with a minimum of fuss, and where that evidence is inconclusive no effort is made to force it. The biographer effaces himself, and, indeed, with Roosevelt it just happens. No one else can be allowed the stage. What comes out particularly clearly is the nervous ill-ease which was, behind all his vehement gusto and self-confidence, Roosevelt's most usual state of mind. He played the difficult game of American politics, which is, by the working out of the accumulated rules of procedure and complex interplay of interests, usually fatal to any particular, individual, ambition, and he was for ever trying to forecast the results of his moves.

He was forced into the Vice-Presidency, full of misgivings, by enemies. Until he was President in his own right, while he was President, while he was trying to come back for a third period, and while he saw the great European War being staged without him, the chief soldier of the republic, he was unable to rest and with all his satisfaction alloyed by the uncertain future. His career illuminates, in smaller scale, the issues which are the burden of Mr. Adams' *Epic of America*, for the question of the rights of the great business interests and the rights of the public was the chief domestic issue during his lifetime. Typical of the established East, he was a house divided against itself. Part of him felt that the ruthless monster trusts were the negation of the American idea and, in part, he tried to curb them. But there was also in him the old-established strain that had scant sympathy for the groundlings, and he could easily persuade himself that the democrats were permanently and basically unfit to govern, because they were the party of the inferior people, even though he might repeatedly borrow particular parts of their programme. He annexed "the West" as a campaigning property, as he annexed the Cuban War, and these phases of American history did not represent anything he desired to serve so much as opportunities for him to build up a background. So that inevitably the struggle with the plutocracy was not fundamental, but an incident of his Presidency. Americans took hope of him, feeling he was something different and an authentic personality, but he was not the embodiment, as Bryan would have been in 1896, of a definite, widespread feeling, and he could not and did not fight as the representative of popular instinct and left in the result no lasting impress beyond the picture of himself. All was to do again, and in 1912 when the new freedom was still the issue, and after the World War had come to terminate Woodrow Wilson's domestic policy, the experiments of a business civilization entered upon their heyday. Although a spluttering Progressivist movement has maintained itself throughout the century it has taken the drastic experiences of the last two years to arouse the public to what has been happening these many decades to the conditions of life in the new continent which once had seemed to offer such boundless prospects for the easy, unfettered satisfaction of the primary, essential needs not only of the human body, but of the human spirit.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

Indian Civilization

The Civilizations of the East: India. By René Grousset. (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.)

Le néant, says the witty Voltaire, *ne laisse pas d'avoir du bon*: even the times we live in are not without their compensations. Years ago, when we pored over the pages of Mouhot, whose deplorably illustrated volumes first revealed to Frenchmen, in 1864, the wonders of Angkor—Angkor, which Edmund Candler, that Ulysses of the East, who had been everywhere and seen everything, extols above all other earthly shrines—we longed to *see* the thing, whose mere description seemed so tantalisingly inadequate. Nowadays, should any reader of *Le Roi Lépreux*, of Pierre Benoit, feel a similar desire, he can gratify it, almost, without leaving his armchair, by the aid of such books as this *India*, whose author's name is alone sufficient to guarantee the excellence of his book. Here, aided by photography, the far-off things come up before us: *la princesse lointaine*, in all her strange variety, is presented to our eyes. M. Grousset takes a wide view of India, embracing not only India proper, but Further India, with Indo-China, and the Isles: a comprehensive scheme, enabling every reader to take his bearings in such a vast aesthetic sea: providing a veritable banquet to all interested in Oriental art, who are many; since the time has long gone by when Indian art and sculpture could be cavalierly condemned in the lump, as they were by Ruskin, who had never seen any, and whose aesthetic canons were, moreover, singularly lacking in the larger understanding. Keep, by all means, Greek art upon its pedestal: yet none can study M. Grousset's pages without realising, that here we have something beautiful exceedingly, different in kind from anything the West can show. In form, indeed, less exact, perhaps less human; but with an ethical spirit incomparably deeper; just as the great Daibutsu of Kamakura, like the Sphinx of Egypt, breathes an emotional infinite far above and beyond the reach of the intensely definite Hellenic mind. Ample evidence and illustration are furnished by M. Grousset's book: which we would advise the curious to supplement by consulting the *Indische Plastik* of William Cohn, published in Berlin in 1922: a wonderfully artistic volume. But one thing should be noted, as inevitable, that stone and sculpture lose far less, by photographic reproduction, than does painting. And consequently, the latter part of M. Grousset's book does not achieve its aim so well as its beginning: since colour is a very large element in the beauty of Mogul and Indo-Moslem pictures; which in losing it, lose in one way all; and it is necessarily absent in a photograph. Where colour is the essence, as in some marvellous old Oriental carpet, only a painter of no mean order could catch and reproduce its glory. And finally, what a pity that it should not have occurred to M. Grousset to equip his volume with a map, indicating, say, by red spots, the exact position of the places. How shall the uninitiated reader know where all these outlandish places are?—no atlas will help him, for they are not marked on any map: he will look for them in vain: yet their geographical position is essential to understanding. Why, for example, and how, should Karli show Greek influence, or how account for the enigma of Angkor? Without a map, the enquirer is lost, *désorienté*, abandoned without a compass in an impenetrable jungle.

The style of the translation, though the original is not beside us for comparison, leaves us convinced of the fidelity and skill of the translator.

F. W. BAIN.

Rumours of War

Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, Duchess of Nassau. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

The life of Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg from 1912 to 1918, was short and unhappy. She came to the throne at eighteen, beautiful, reserved, and anxious only to live up to the mottoes of two royal ancestors, "*Je maintiendrai*" and "*Ich dien.*" She was forced to abdicate at the Armistice; and she died only five years later, exiled even from the religious life she had desired. And her sentence and her epitaph with the Allies was simply "Pro-German."

It is time to rewrite that epitaph, and no one could do it better than Miss O'Shaughnessy. She neither exonerates nor blames Marie Adelaide: she sees the perpetual "disequilibrium between her will and her destiny," proves that she did only what she thought best for Luxemburg, and tells the simple, inevitable tragedy of her life with sympathy and understanding.

It falls into three parts and three moods. The first, up to 1914, is bright, with full scope for the little details which are often more interesting than great events:

"At first Marie Adelaide's new importance was manifest only in the restricted routine of daily life . . . There was no more maternal remonstrance at her continual feeling for her diamond-crested gold cigarette case, her little matchbox, and so she was scarcely ever without a cigarette in her hand, smoking for the most part a certain 'Waldorf' brand. Her dresses were lengthened, she wore a string of pearls, she went first in and out of those familiar doors."

Two years after her accession came the turmoil of war. Marie Adelaide, bewildered, still anxious to do right, quarrelled with her ministers, showed German sympathies, and became very completely unpopular. In 1918 she was persuaded to abdicate. The Allies had no grudge against Luxemburg, or even against the House of Nassau-Braganza. They would have dealings with Marie Adelaide's sister Charlotte, who was the next heir: but they would have none with Marie Adelaide.

Exile was the third and saddest phase of her life. She went away quietly and with dignity, eager now she was set free to enter a convent. She went first to Switzerland, then to Italy, and was received into the Convent of the Discalced Carmelites at Modena. But neither there nor with the Little Sisters of the Poor could she find peace. Her own nature was against her, in convent as at court. At last her health gave out, and she died in January, 1924.

Miss O'Shaughnessy knows Marie Adelaide, as she says, "from sure and intimate sources," and she makes her live:

"When obliged to receive alone in the large drawing room of the town residence or in that of Castle Berg she would listen with that slightly bent head and those sweet, forward-looking eyes, but she was often twisting nervously a handkerchief in her gloved hands, or opening and shutting the traditional fan, desperately awaiting the end of the audience."

Her five sisters and her immediate circle are no less alive, though secondary, and the political tangle of the War years is kept a clear and relevant background. This is the timely re-telling of a much-scribbled paragraph of modern history: but it has the far wider appeal of thorough, charming, and vivid biography.

MONICA REDLICH.

Enjoying Indifferent Health

Diet and Pleasure. By Paul Reboux. (Putnam. 6s.)

If ever a League of Nations Pantheon is built in honour of those who have deserved well of humanity, a bust of the author of *Nouveaux Régimes* should occupy one of its most prominent niches. This public benefactor offers all physical sufferers, except the victims of really "serious" diseases, "and invalids who believe they must be obstinate and drink nothing but Vichy water," a succulent selection of the pleasures of the table, complete with a week's menus appropriate to their disorders. M. Paul Reboux expounds the philosophy that every time we are attacked by some bodily complaint ought to be an occasion for rejoicing over its gastronomic compensations. The aggressively healthy are reminded that they enjoy no real advantages over the ailing:

"Health is a precarious condition which forebodes nothing good. Indeed a perfectly healthy man who has any common sense can only live in a state of perpetual anguish. This man possesses a priceless treasure, and does not know how to keep it. Imagine the fate of owning millions and having no roof to one's head."

Therefore let the healthy man hasten to choose, say, diabetes, and see what delicious recipes M. Reboux will "order" for him. Personally I have decided on anaemia; though there is much to be said for the diet of that "noble affliction" gout, "which wins us respect and testifies to our having lived well." Emaciated husbands and wives threatened with "matron sizes" in dress models can conjugally follow an identical *régime*: the former to put more flesh on their bones, and the latter to slim without drugs or spas.

With fine malice M. Reboux follows up his savoury diets with a series of conventional invalid menus. But he warns ladies who order these "varied, but extremely dismal, dishes" for home consumption that they will be well advised to inquire whether the "business friends" whom their husbands find they have to meet for luncheon are blondes or brunettes. In matters of diet it is so much easier to follow the pontiffs of the "healing profession" in forbidding everything: an "all-in" inhibition which is "like taking out an insurance policy against the patient feeling indisposed after eating such and such a thing." M. Reboux's method is the far subtler one of making the invalid plead to be put back on the varied diet he has been "condemned to" earlier in this book. For "condemned" he must be, since public opinion insists that those who have nothing prescribed for them cannot be ill. The prescriptions of wise doctors are often intended for their patients' imaginations; M. Reboux's flatter their imaginations and their palates simultaneously.

Though M. Reboux admits that, logically, only one-eighth of our food should be meat, since only four of our thirty-two teeth are canines, he is not very kind to those who have renounced flesh-eating. "Vegetarianism does not always lower vitality any more than it gives an adult a child's fresh complexion." For two months M. Reboux took all his meals at a vegetarian restaurant. He found that his fellow trencherмen "quarrelled incessantly, and were covered with pimples." This may account for the severity of his strictures on that sacrosanct "poison" bread, which, if a food, is "only a food for paupers." M. Reboux is too flattering to our dietetic sagacity when he adds: "It is only in France that the aberration of stuffing our stomachs with this abominable plaster holds sway. The English eat little bread."

Miss Margaret Ragg's translation is good enough to leave the delicate irony of the original almost undimmed. *Diet and Pleasure* is the wittiest, most useful, and most human

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

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book on cookery that has been published at 6s. for many, many years. The story of the Vase de Soissons, or the selected example of "Medical Negligence," is worth as much alone. And the value of the simple but excellent recipes is doubled by the epigrams that season them. There is only space for one. The vanilla-pod, "so loth to reveal its secrets," is likened to "a slender creole, perfumed and wrinkled as the Empress Josephine." P. MORTON SHAND.

London

City of Encounters. By Thomas Burke. (Constable. 8s. 6d.)

THE fascination of London for Mr. Burke lies not in knowing its history, its geography, or even the habits of its people, but in apprehending its spiritual quality. On him as on most sensitive people each street makes a different impression: Gower Street, in spite of its pleasant houses and view of Hampstead Heath, is like "hell with the excitement left out," but the shabby Old Kent Road and dingy Camden Town are "absolute London." A public house expresses London better than the Tower, and Mr. Burke can find romance even in the suburbs.

In these ten sketches he is, like London, in a variety of moods: always observant, he is in turn reminiscent, fanciful, gay, sad, irritable—almost irascible—and occasionally a little over-anxious to prove that life is stranger than fiction. His study of that "eager Cockney," Charles Chaplin, is shrewd and revealing, although a tendency to moralize about the cause of the great comedian's private loneliness and unhappiness adds a faint air of reproof to an otherwise balanced picture. To the music-hall artists among whom Charlie was reared, and whose tradition he carries on, Mr. Burke pays generous tribute.

The prize character in Mr. Burke's gallery is the fantastic old antique dealer in Theobald's Road who, testing the length of a valuable jade necklace round his maid's neck, found it so exactly suited her that he had to leave it there. Every Saturday night he would get drunk and expound his extremely individualistic views on art and literature. Henry James he alluded to as "that old butler who humbugged the entire servant's hall of literature by coming the gentleman over 'em." On another occasion he claimed to have written a letter to the editor of the *Observer* beginning "Dear God . . ." In other sketches there are the storm in a teacup among the members of an orchestra in a suburban music-hall which developed into drama and ended in tragedy, a patient magistrate unravelling the intricate evidence of angry, uneducated women and a city man living through his day. There is Mr. Burke himself, a retiring youth in a literary agency, too shy to escort a lady novelist to her publisher's. In this agency he came into touch with many of the literary great of to-day: H. G. Wells, Masefield, W. H. Davies, Edward Thomas and Theodore Dreiser. But even so eminent an agency could make amusing mistakes. Their embarrassment when they discovered that they had asked Mrs. Sidney Webb (*née* Miss Beatrice Potter) to consider an offer for her next Peter Rabbit baby book must have been exquisitely painful! London's dull façade hides many such amusing incidents and Mr. Burke is expert in unveiling them.

The Faith of all the Creeds

Honest Doubt. By Ernest J. P. Benn. (Benn. 6s. 0d.)

SIR ERNEST BENN was in a pugnacious mood when he wrote the present volume. He lays about him in great style. Liberals, Labourites, Tories and, as the dust-cover informs us, "even the League of Nations" receive resounding blows. Here, for example, is his lively, and fully justifiable, questioning of the reality of modern party politics:

> "Are there any principles in politics, or have we exhausted all the old discussions? For instance, if protection of wages is Socialism, what is the correct designation of protection of markets and prices? Is a wheat quota good Conservatism when proposed by Baldwin, Socialism when Addison puts it forward, and Communism if introduced in Moscow? Is Unemployment Benefit Liberalism, a widow's pension Conservatism, and children's allowances Socialism? Or what is the difference between these labels?"

For all the interrogative style which Sir Ernest Benn adopts in the opening part of his book, he has a very positive philosophy of his own. He is an unrepentant and uncompromising follower, not only of the individualist economics, but also of the individualist philosophy, of the last century. He sticks to Herbert Spencer quite as loyally as to Senior and McCulloch. He states his view succinctly as follows:

> "Men's interests are harmonious, but men have not the wisdom to know in advance what those interests are. Each man will, if he be allowed to do so, make some contribution to the common interest, but if that task is denied to the individual, and the right to contribute is monopolized by men in the mass, nothing but folly can result."

A great many people no doubt still take this view, even though the current of opinion has seemed, during the last thirty years, to have been running against them. Not all of them, however, know how to exhibit such a sturdy optimism as does Sir Ernest Benn. He is fully convinced that we shall see a return to Liberal principles:

> "We shall slowly get back to the greater wisdom of a previous age, and a wiser State will recognize that it can do no more for its citizens than safeguard for them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The road to the ideal is a long one. National Governments may help, but they can take us only a little way along it. The signpost reads 'Honest Doubt,' and the end of the road is Liberty."

Sir Ernest Benn's liberalism has nothing feeble or anti-national about it, however. On the contrary, it is of the sturdy Palmerstonian type. Sir Ernest believes that most of the troubles of the present time can be put down to the fact that Great Britain has foolishly abdicated from a position of world leadership, and his chief hope for recovery is that she will soon resume her ancient paramountcy.

As we may expect, Sir Ernest's greatest aversion is for bureaucracy in all its forms, and he assails Lord Passfield, as the arch-bureaucrat, with great vigour:

> "If Webb hoped to beat business with what he conceived to be its own weapons, Passfield can contemplate the perfect fulfilment of that diabolical aspiration. There is not to-day a single detail of the capitalist system, from a pennyworth of sweets to the legacy of a gold mine, which is not intercepted to death by his creatures. 'Blackmail' is a crime having in its composition too much of the element of personal liberty to be compatible with bureaucratic methods; murder is the only appropriate charge."

Altogether this is a refreshing book.

Trout

Side-Lines, Side-Lights and Reflections: Fugitive Papers of a Chalk Stream Angler. By G. E. M. Skues. (Seeley, Service. 21s.)

THE large trout on the wrapper of this book is evidence of the size of the fish habitually caught by Mr. Skues, as well as of its contents: the side-lines are trout-lines, the side-lights and reflections are all turned on trout. For Mr. Skues is a specialist of the most exclusive: salmon rods and tackle he finds coarse and clumsy: grayling, the beautiful and tireless grayling, he calls vermin; and only the trout of the chalk-stream, trout of two pounds and three pounds and more, will give him happiness.

But how fortunate for the trout-fishing world that a man who has so specialized, who has had for many years the best of trout-fishing, has observed and thought, has made the most of his opportunities, and—not the least of his merits—can give us the result of his observation in sound, vigorous English. In his case, at any rate, the saying is not true that those who can catch fish can't write, and that those who can write can't catch fish. If, as he says, he is not "capable of sitting down and deliberately scheming and writing a book"—well, it is something that he has been persuaded to collect these "Fugitive Papers." For fishermen, who are never tired of reading about fishing, will find here all sorts of curious information, many practical hints and useful experiences, much ripe wisdom with not a little humour, and, in the whole collection, very few pieces not worth preserving. Here is discussed, with due solemnity, whether the Welshman's button is a sedge or a beetle, and why there is still no satisfactory pattern of the blue-winged olive. Here are thumb-nail sketches of anglers "now with God"—Marryat, Francis Francis, Halford and the rest. Here are stories of trout-fishing in Bosnia, in Germany, in France, in Norway—it is typical of Mr. Skues that even in Norway he fished for trout, not salmon. But best of all are the stories and descriptions of days and adventures on the Itchen, the river to which the book is rightly dedicated, the river which Mr. Skues knows and loves best.

Fiction

By L. A. G. Strong.

A Modern Hero. By Louis Bromfield. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
I'll Never Be Young Again. By Daphne du Maurier. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Poor Scholars. By A. P. Rossiter. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)
If This Be Error. By Betty Askwith. (Methuen. 6s.)
Czardas. By Jeno Heltai. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
The Sweepstake Prize. By A. P. Nicholson. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)
Sea Green Grocer. By Jasper Power. (Grayson. 7s. 6d.)
Sunblinds. By Phyllis Austin. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

A highbrow once confided to William Morris that his taste had reached such a pitch of refinement he could read nothing but Shakespeare. "Stuff," retorted the Master: and added, "Flame is flame, wherever you find it." This dictum, which I respectfully commend to the attention of Mrs. Leavis, is heartening and salutary for the reviewer, reminding him that those who can warm their hands at few braziers are as often influenced by fashion and dogma as by genuine response to the creative spirit.

So, *pace* Mrs. Leavis and her five fixed stars, there is matter for critical attention in the writings of the first author upon our list to-day. I do not for a moment suggest that Mr. Louis Bromfield is a great writer, or that any sane person would mention him in the same breath with a Lawrence or a Joyce: but the heavens are wide, and they have room for that clear, hard light of his which has sometimes lost a little through twinkling too smartly. *Twenty-four Hours* was a good and memorable novel. *A Modern Hero* is less good, because less well organized. It has individual passages which are memorable, but the story gives Mr. Bromfield less opportunity. There is still too much smartness, and, for some tastes, too much melodrama, especially at the end: but that Mr. Bromfield has a definite place in contemporary fiction cannot be doubted.

Miss Daphne du Maurier's novel has enormous faults, and is a success in spite of them. Of all upon this list, it has in the highest degree the quality saluted by William Morris. Its first part, entitled "Jake," is completely unreal. Not until Richard meets Hesta does the story come alive, and from that point onwards it never falters. It is a strange phenomenon, this break between two modes of vision, and it seems due to deeper causes than the fact that Miss du Maurier understands one sort of life and does not understand another. In the first part, her imagination takes wing prematurely. She has barely glanced at the facts of a scene before she is off in the air, writing what is, in relation to the starting-place—to the solid bridge, for instance, from which Richard is about to drown himself—absolute nonsense; but nonsense made coherent by some queer logic of its own:

> "'Sure, I can ride,' I said, but his words seemed nonsense to me, and the air was very thick, and his voice was coming from a long way away."

That is precisely the effect of the first part of the book. When we come to the second, we can thankfully echo words of one of the characters:

> "'I am only glad that all this here is real, and that your story is over and done with. It can't happen again.'"

It couldn't have happened at all. The talk on the bridge, the voyage to Sweden, the fight in which Jake broke another boxer's neck with a single blow, and the fight in the tavern, are all the completest moonshine. They are not improved (nor is the rest of the book) by the fact that Miss du Maurier has read, marked, learned but altogether failed to digest Mr. Hemingway. She should watch this, and take more care with her writing in general. The trouble again comes from a premature take-off of the imagination. Such phrases as "Running like silly geese to buy picture postcards from a stall" are symptomatic of this impatience, and of the half-baked effect which it produces. I am nagging at Miss du Maurier in this churlish fashion because the rest of her book is so amazingly good. The story of Richard and Hesta, which in the end makes him guilty of the precise thing for which Jake killed the man in the boxing booth, is true, moving, and most excellently told. If Miss du Maurier develops on the lines of the first part of her novel, she will be a portent, blended of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. If, as I fervently hope, the second part keeps uppermost, there is no saying what she may become. In any case, I have a feeling that a very great number of people are going to be deeply interested and influenced by her future work.

Anyone who has been at a university or lived in a university town will be predisposed in favour of *Poor Scholars*, and I do not think that many who read it will be disappointed. Its theme is Cambridge, as seen by a boy and a girl. May and Philip Chesterfield are a pleasant couple, and Mr. Rossiter gives us, as a picture of university life, all that care and observation can set down. The one thing that the book lacks is the evidence of a real creative impulse: in other words, flame. It is nevertheless an attractive and interesting piece of work, and I enjoyed it.

I also enjoyed *If This be Error*, in which Miss Askwith demonstrates that she can write very pleasantly without her collaborator. This short novel surveys with quiet assurance the marriage markets of seventy years ago. Since her sister had married for money, Helena intended to elope for love—and would have done so, but for a thunderstorm. Her story has been told many times before, but Miss Askwith retells it agreeably and with detachment, neither accepting nor condemning the standards of "county." The conclusion of the whole matter, reached when Helena is forty and still unmarried, would seem to be "Perhaps Louisa spoke truly after all—people made too much fuss about love. And yet —" A slight and pleasant story.

Czardas has flame, but sometimes one can hardly see it for the smoke:

> "But Karmel soon broke off this third *liaison*. Clare meant even less to him than Irene; she served only to round off the cycle. His hatred was entirely consumed in his vengeful kisses, and when his revenge was sated, he was satisfied."

It is a thorough-going, vigorous example of our old friend the Central European story, with a liberal allowance of prostitutes and maniacs, energetically written, and admirably translated. It has a genuine power, and often strikes an English reader as rather ridiculous. Incidentally, the book is most beautifully printed, produced and bound, and has the best jacket which I have seen for months.

The remaining novels have less flame about them than sparkle. In other words, they are aimed simply at our entertainment. Had Darley and Hugh and Osbert really agreed to share their luck if any of them drew a horse? This query, with its subtle and disquieting echoes, is only the first raised in *The Sweepstake Prize*. It is not hard to imagine the complications which an enormous stroke of luck may bring: and Mr. Nicholson makes the most of them. His characterization is a little *naïf*, and, still unpractised in fiction, he hesitates between what he shall explain to his readers and what he shall show them: but he has a story to tell, and tells it with enthusiasm. *The Sweepstake Prize* should be as popular as it is timely.

Sea Green Grocer opens poorly, with sneers at rural culture and morris-dancing, but when once Reginald Pybus is shipped on the 'Erod Antipas' it becomes really lively and good. The Professor, old Whalebelly, Hairy Butler and his other companions in the foc'sle provide some of the most picturesque deep-sea dialogue that ever did not need expurgating. Reginald, an unwilling voyager over half the world, gets well seasoned, manfully knocks out a homicidal cook with a York ham, remembers in a Calcutta cinema that he is Reginald Pybus, wholesale and retail provision merchant, of Pottleworth—for Red Mahaffy's blackjack has robbed him of his memory—and eventually goes rolling home, taking his vocabulary with him. Very good entertainment.

Martin's guardian pulled blinds, and kept the Sunshine out of his life. From the care of a head-master who pulled wool over the guardian's eyes, he passed, *viâ* a Sweet, Innocent Kiss, into the care of Celia, who also kept the blinds down. It was left for Vital, Radiant Vera to restore to him his beloved Sunshine, enabling him to divorce Celia by methods unusual but effective. My own feeling is that several of these characters might with advantage have been kept in the dark.

Current Literature

THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1918–20

By D. F. Fleming, Ph.D.

There is an idea current over here that the rejection by the United States Senate of the Treaty of Versailles, and with it American membership in the League of Nations, was due simply to a particularly crass exhibition of party politics or to certain weaknesses in President Wilson himself which unfitted him for leadership on such an important occasion. This book (*The United States and the League of Nations*, 1918–20, Putnam, 21s.) opposes effectually both of these facile interpretations. The notion of an organized international community which should be the embodiment of the principle of mutual assistance against aggression was familiar to the great body of American opinion, whether subscribing to the Republican or Democratic ticket. From Theodore Roosevelt, recipient of the Nobel Prize in 1907, who in 1915 declared "what is needed in international matters is to create a judge and then put police power back of the judge," to ex-President William Taft, the Republican Party had been if anything more fervent (*cf.* the League to Enforce Peace) than the party of the Jefferson tradition. Ex-President Roosevelt did, it is true, relapse into War psychosis and was found in 1918 clamouring for a khaki Congress, but Taft remained loyal to the end to the idea, and, indeed, spoke in March, 1919, in support of the League of Nations plan as brought back from Paris by the President. The opposition came originally from a small group of Senators of both Parties representing the more conservative social forces in the country, mobilized, however, by a consummate demagogue, Senator Lodge. President Wilson knew what he was up against, and after first taking every precaution through Mr. Henry White, a member of the Peace Delegation, who was a close friend of both Roosevelt and Lodge, to meet any well-grounded objections, he rightly refused to compromise by admitting reservations which would have wrecked the whole purpose of the Covenant. Dr. Fleming, who has already given us a most useful book on the Treaty veto of the American Senate, here tells the story month by month of that campaign against the League which has done so much to retard the forces of civilized life.

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A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE

Edited by Eric Partridge

By editing and commenting on the words and phrases contained in the third (1796) edition of Captain Francis Grose's *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (Scholartis Press, for private subscribers, 32s.), Mr. Eric Partridge has made of the book a new work twice as big as the original. To it he has added an entertaining sketch of Grose himself. He it was of whom Burns wrote, "A chiel's among you takin notes," and for whom he composed his masterpiece of *Tam o' Shanter*. His *Dictionary* is strong meat and not for squeamish stomachs. Though consisting chiefly, of course, of eighteenth century vocables, it contains (especially with Mr. Partridge's additions) words which are used to-day by thousands of people and which therefore demand preservation in print. These words pass freely in the lower strata of society; upper circles use them, too, but, *pudoris causa*, not always openly. Beside these marches the variedly interesting army of slang and colloquialisms—all of the very stuff of our speech. Those whose reading lies in the direction of cant-books or low life, or in such writers as Rabelais, Rochester or even Swift; those who interest themselves in what second-hand booksellers call with vague euphemy *facetiae* and plain men call smut; those who want a smack of the talk of our Army during the War—will find in Grose, supplemented by Mr. Partridge's sincere, far-reaching and scholarly research, a valuable auxiliary. Undeniably coarse the *Dictionary* is; yet as Mr. Partridge can call it "one of the most valuable books in our language."

THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT

By Sir Charles Petrie

Those who like to speculate about what might have been will find Sir Charles Petrie's well-informed but somewhat discursive account of *The Jacobite Movement* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.) very much to their taste. "Ifs and ans" abound. His sentimental interest in the Old and Young Pretenders lead him into many exaggerated estimates of Jacobite chances. He suggests that James Edward might have come to Scotland in 1708 or in 1712 and been allowed to stay, despite the Act of Settlement. This is extremely improbable. Whether he could have been proclaimed at Anne's death is at least doubtful, even if Bolingbroke had been a man of action instead of a talker. That Charles Edward, advancing from Derby in 1745, might have captured London is at best a hypothesis. The Hanoverian dynasty and the Whig Government were not so feeble as to be overthrown by a few thousand ill-equipped Highlanders. Troops were pouring in from Flanders and, despite the author's doubt of their fighting value, they had shown no lack of courage or discipline at Fontenoy. Apart from his theories Sir Charles devotes some interesting pages to the lesser Jacobite attempts, to honest Shippen the Parliamentary Jacobite leader and the friend of Walpole, and to the trivial plottings after the Forty-five. Charles Edward himself, the drunken reprobate, effectually killed Jacobitism long before his death in 1788. But in the world of romance the Stuarts lord it still.

FRANCE, GERMANY AND EUROPE

By W. G. Moore

The problem of Europe is, more than most people recognize, the problem of Franco-German relations, and in his *France and Germany* (Student Christian Movement, 2s. 6d.) Dr. W. G. Moore, who is Lecturer in French at Oxford, carries his analysis of the antagonism between the two nations far below the surface. While he writes with admirable impartiality, he discusses the French mentality more fully than the German, and has had the wisdom to draw largely in that connexion on M. André Siegfried's illuminating book, *Les Partis Politiques en France*. A new and striking suggestion is that France, with her thrift and simplicity and her lower standards of life generally, regards Germany, who is striving to maintain pre-War standards, particularly in such matters as social insurance, as deliberately and even fraudulently profligate when she votes money for such purposes and declares she cannot find it for Reparations. On the other hand, the galling effect on Germany of France's refusal to admit her right to full equality among the nations is rightly emphasized. Altogether, a valuable contribution to the promotion of international understanding in the literal sense, which is, after all, the best sense.

IRELAND SINCE 1922

By J. M. Hone

Mr. J. M. Hone is already known as a literary critic with a keen sense of irony and as an authority on the philosophy of Berkeley. He proves in this pamphlet *Ireland since 1922*, "Criterion Miscellany"—No. 39. (Faber and Faber. 1s.) to be a friendly but shrewd critic of his own country's political complaints. He appreciates the remarkable progress shown in the Irish Free State, but he is not misled by catcheries or confused thinking. Realizing that a country cannot be truly free which persecutes thought and opinion, he is a stern opponent of the secretive censorship of literature.

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THE EVOLUTION OF CULTURE
By Julius Lippert

The Evolution of Culture, by Julius Lippert (Allen and Unwin, 20s.), which has long been a standard work upon the Continent, is here for the first time made available to English readers in a translation by Professor G. P. Murdock, of Yale University. Culture Lippert understood in a wider sense than the word usually covers: he meant by it all that distinguishes civilized man from the savage. This gradual development is traced in abundant detail through every main phase of human activity. The Family, the Taming of Fire, Tools and Weapons, Fetishism, Human Sacrifice: the heads of a few chapters, taken at random, indicate the scope of this extraordinary work. The chapter on Human Sacrifice is an excellent example of Lippert's indefatigable skill. His exploration of the Old Testament reveals numerous instances of such sacrifice which are not obvious till he has pointed them out and related them to the cult from which they sprang. Nothing is more fascinating than to observe how primitive customs survive and break out in different places on the earth's surface, lasting down even into contemporary life. It is difficult to believe that such a work as this can ever be supplanted. The most that research can do is to supplement it. The publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise. Professor Murdock's translation reads like an English original.

TRIBES OF THE NIGER DELTA
By P. Amaury Talbot

We hope that Mr. P. Amaury Talbot's notebooks are not yet exhausted, as, in spite of his compendious *Peoples of Southern Nigeria*, he has gone back to still earlier days in his career on the West Coast and found a mine of unworked gold. *Tribes of the Niger Delta* (Sheldon Press, 18s.) can be recommended, not only to the ethnologist, who will find not a little that is new and much desirable confirmation of what is old, but also to the general reader of average intelligence. For it is pleasantly and unassumingly written (if one excepts the lapses into pidgin and the intrusion of European names for native Africans, which are possibly unavoidable, but jar none the less in an account of African customs). The intricate coiffures adopted (very well illustrated, as is the whole book) put our pedestrian uniformity to shame and provide interesting reading. Once again we find that the doctrine of reincarnation is the safest antidote to a falling birthrate, though the treatment of twins and other abnormalities gives a push in the opposite direction. From the many African letters cited by the author we cannot refrain from quoting a callous message directed to a brother-in-law: "Thanks for wife sent. I hate her and shall return her soon." What would Mr. Justice McCardie say to that?

SOME NOTABLE CUMBRIANS
By Sir Frederick Chance, K.B.E.

Sir Frederick Chance, himself no mean Cumbrian, has collected in a modest volume, *Some Notable Cumbrians* (Carlisle, C. Thurnam and Sons, 3s. 6d.) sketches of nine men, born in Cumberland, who worked illustriously in their county and elsewhere in the last two centuries. They are John Dalton, the chemist; J. C. Curwen, agriculturist and Member of Parliament; William Blamire, agriculturist, M.P., and first Tithe Commissioner; Sir James Graham, most famous of Cumberland's national statesmen (we say "national," for several of the others were "statesmen" in the local use of the term); Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P. and temperance reformer (and the author's father-in-law); George Moore, the merchant and philanthropist best known now through Smiles' biography; "The Druid," *i.e.*, the agricultural and sporting writer, H. H. Dixon; R. S. Ferguson, lawyer, antiquarian and Chancellor of the Diocese; and Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London. Several of these sketches were written for the *Carlisle Journal*, and much of the earlier information is taken from Lonsdale's *Cumberland Worthies*. There is no profound study of character or events in these compressed records, but all the subjects were widely known outside the county, and the book is an example of a kind of local patriotism which is always admirable. There is a portrait of each subject.

THE SEA IN SHIPS
By Alan J. Villiers

This book, *The Sea in Ships* (Routledge, 7s. 6d.), contains a short account of the work of the twenty or so sailing ships still plying regularly in the grain trade between South America and Europe, and 112 photographs, most of them taken by the author during two voyages. The account is concise, matter of fact, simple and sufficient. The photographs are extraordinarily good, giving exactly the impression of good seamanship in smooth or rough weather. Neither the ship nor the sea look, as they so often do in photographs, as if they had been specially cleaned up for the occasion; nor, on the other hand, are the views chosen for their singularity or roughness. The whole, writing, illustrations and seamanship, leaves a very pleasant impression.

The Modern Home

[We shall be pleased to reply to any inquiries arising from the articles we publish on the Modern Home page. Inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, The SPECTATOR, *99 Gower Street, W.C. 1, with "Modern Home Page" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.]*

The New B.B.C.

We stretch the limits of the "Modern Home" to the utmost this week in order to include a consideration of the building which is henceforth to supply it with "radio"—the new Broadcasting House in Portland Place. Most readers will by now be familiar, if only through the Press, with the external appearance of the great pile which has recently loomed up at the end of Portland Place. It has been fatuously likened to a battleship—and, like a battleship, its front door is difficult to find. For myself, I could never decide whether the main entrance was that which faced Regent Street or the smaller but more generously embalconied portal on the west front. I know now that the former has it.

Regarded as architecture, the best that can be said of the building is that it is less fussily pseudo-classic than its deplorable neighbours in the new Regent Street. It is, at least, moderately restful. Beyond that one can say little. And yet consider the chance that has been missed. Here was a site that might have inspired even a plumber, a site whose grand curve would seem almost to have forced beauty on any building planned for it. The building itself was to be the headquarters and expression of the newest art of mankind. Surely in contemplation of all that broadcasting means and may come to mean to the world there was inspiration enough to call up something great! And from all this we get a building which, shorn of its two aerial-towers, might well be a Bloomsbury hostel for students, so far as the outside serves to show. One would have liked to see Broadcasting House the result of a competition for which all our best and most vital architects would have entered, men who would have been moved by the opportunity before them.

The interior is less obviously disappointing. It is largely the work of engineers who found most of their problems stated clearly, and so were able to solve them in a satisfactory manner. Where architecture stepped in the results are less happy. Incomparably the most beautiful sight in the building is the Control Room, a well-lit, L-shaped room on the eighth floor, where two rows of six and eight control-desks and uncounted racks of amplifiers, switch-boards, testing-equipment and the like are arranged with no thought beyond that of efficiency; probably the ugliest is the Concert Hall, which, striving for effect, lacks a restful surface anywhere and possesses an organ-grille that would be more fittingly housed in a not-too-modern cinema. In making this comparison I am not being arty nor "modernist": it is my honest belief that almost anyone, however unused to switch-boards, would find a beauty in the Control Room lacking in the other place.

The general plan of the building, being dictated by practical requirements, appears good. The studios, twenty-two in number, were a primary consideration. They are housed in a central tower, built of brick to avoid the transmission of sound along a steel framework. Around this is the stone-faced shell containing offices for seven hundred and fifty persons. Long corridors run between the offices and the tower, which is thus further protected from noise. One result of this plan is that almost the whole of the tower has to be artificially ventilated and lit, and the various problems arising appear to have been most satisfactorily solved. I cannot speak so surely of the office accommodation. The few offices which I saw seemed small for the number of occupants, and not particularly well equipped. The corridors should have been naturally lighted through from the offices, instead of which they are punctuated by imitation windows (complete with bars!) on the inner wall, and streaked with hundreds of yards of frieze lighting ineptly imitating the section of the conduit boxing along the frieze opposite. Among the work of those responsible for the decoration of the studios that of Mr. Wells Coates stands out sharply by reason of its complete sanity and restraint. One could wish that the whole of Broadcasting House were more strongly marked by the same qualities.

G. M. BOUMPHREY.

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Travel

[We publish on this page articles and notes which may help our readers in making their plans for travel. They are written by correspondents who have visited the places described. We shall be glad to answer questions arising out of the Travel articles published in our columns. Enquiries should be addressed to the Travel Manager, The SPECTATOR, *99 Gower Street, W.C.1.]*

Montserrat

THE traveller who enters Spain by the little frontier town of Portbou will have seen the crude colours of the Midi merge gradually into the soft misty landscape, the tender hues which characterize the flat country by the sea. The atmosphere changes. The vigorous, pulsing life of Gascony gives place to the suave tolerance of a different race. Veiled eyes look sombrely out of dark faces. Leisurely officials courteously impel the passenger into a compartment whose vast cushions receive him caressingly, and whose wide, low windows are open, and reveal the landscape on either side.

For miles the train ambles smoothly along the coast, with glimpses of miniature bays—beaches covered with shingle and lapped by waves small as those of a lake. There are translucent deeps from which the rocks rise sheer, fishing villages, where among the rows of boats brown-skinned boys mend their nets. To the north towers the mountain which ends the chain of the Pyrenees. Beyond it the Catalonian plain stretches misty and blue. Olive and almond tree, grey scrub and orange willow, white houses packed in green, monotonously succeed each other. The drowsy air puffs warm scents through the window, the domed arch of the sky is like a vast turquoise matrix. It is only as the afternoon light is beginning to fade that one sees in the distance a hump against the horizon. Montserrat thrusts its pinnacles and crags four thousand feet into the sky. Even at this distance it seems to rise from the peaceful plain unreal and aloof, emblem of the miracle it is supposed to typify. Among smooth, placid folds of hills whose sub-strata are red earth, rise the huge irregular peaks of granite, eighteen miles in circumference, which form the mountain. Small wonder that primitive man, groping dimly after a Deity, should see here a supernatural phenomenon, and that legend should have become so entwined with history that it is impossible to disentangle one from the other.

That the mountain was standing when the Iberia of the Romans was a savage land peopled by wild tribes is established; but legend has it that in those far-off days it was domed and smooth, and that at the dread moment of the Crucifixion, when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, a terrible upheaval took place. Darkness covered the land; and when light dawned, the awestruck inhabitants of the lower slopes saw strange dents and fissures, towering peaks, and sharp points against the sky. Time has softened the outlines of those forbidding crags, and hung trailing green against their sides; and the Monastery and Chapel, 2,910 feet up the side of the mountain, wedged close against the precipice like an eagle's nest, are shaded with trees on the south side. To-day barrack-like buildings house the Benedictine Order of Monks, and afford shelter to the sixty thousand pilgrims who at various times of the year visit the shrine of the sacred image of the Virgin, who, like our Lady of Lourdes, is renowned for cures and miracles.

The statue is fashioned from a solid block of black wood. The expression of the face is gentle and sweet. Said to have been carved by St. Luke, it was brought to Barcelona by St. Peter in A.D. 30, and for nearly seven hundred years there is no mention made of its presence, but that it was already held in veneration is evident from the fact that when the Moors invaded Spain in 717 it was taken to Montserrat, hidden on the mountain, and the record of its hiding-place lost.

In the year 880 Gonzavo, Bishop of Vich, was passing across the mountain with his retinue on his way home to Manresa, after a pastoral visit to Barcelona. Riding ahead on his white mule caparisoned in purple, he suddenly felt the animal stiffen beneath him and stop. His ears and nostrils were then instantly assailed by strange sweet sounds and fair odours, which appeared to issue from a grotto in a bank above the road. Discerning the supernatural, he dismounted, and clambering up the steep rock discovered the image. Overjoyed, the little company proceeded on its way, the Bishop himself carrying the statue, his heart filled with praise, his thoughts caressing the vision of the shrine wrought of gold and ivory in which he would encase the miraculous *trouvaille*. The ceremony of its inauguration should be magnificent. Weary pilgrims would come to lay their sorrows at its feet. Manresa would become famous. He was overwhelmed with bliss. But alas for his visions! On arriving at the top of a high precipice, where the narrow path pressed closely against the side, obliging the party to go in single file, Gonzavo felt the precious burden in his arms become heavy as lead. Alarmed he strove to support it, but his mule staggered under the weight, and he was forced to descend, realizing that this bare crag was the place elected for the enshrinement of the mystery. Thwarted in his dreams, he yet set himself humbly to fulfil the Divine behest, and thus began the building of the Chapel which is now famous.

A platform was hollowed out in the hard rock in preparation for the building materials, which had to be brought from the coast thirty miles away. For years trains of mules bearing marble from Greece, gold and silver, precious sandalwood and embroideries from the Indies, passed up and down the white road between the harbour and the mountain. For years the hardy little donkeys, whose sure feet could alone negotiate the steep paths, climbed laboriously up to the platform, and scuttled down again, swinging round the sharp corners with the regularity of clockwork.

And the Chapel grew. The rough native granite was polished, and laid in pillars against the porch. Fragile carvings and veined marbles clustered under the soaring arches. The altar steps mounted higher. The lancet windows of the transept gleamed with pearly light, and at last the sacred image was enshrined in its magnificent setting. It stands there to-day unchanged, save that the hand is almost worn away by the lips of the faithful; it may yet stand for centuries, a witness to the steadfast courage and faith of Spain.

The Chapel was despoiled in the Napoleonic Wars, and to-day much of the original beauty has been overlaid with florid ornament. The high aspirations which found expression in the filigree of the reredos soaring to the Crucifix, whose flaming halo foreshadows the shape of the Gothic Roman arch above, are deadened by an immense golden garland and three massive crowns.

The sacrificial flames of candles have been replaced by electric light, and a noisy sacristan conducts parties to exclaim over the jewels and votive offerings which are displayed in the antechamber. But enter the Chapel an hour before Vespers. In contrast to the brilliant sunshine outside all is dim. The eternal light seems to flicker in mid-air. Around it hang wisps of incense smoke in blue mist, and gradually the rich giddings and colours emerge, subdued in the dusk to a perfect tone. You may then see visions, ghosts from the historic past ....

Charlemagne standing motionless, arms extended crosswise, eyes downcast, praying for strength to smite the Saracen; his golden surtout gleams palely in the candlelight, and on the altar he has laid his sword ....

Galahad, his pale face uplifted to the vision of the Grail, kneels in a folded trance. Saint Louis, the great Roy Lois, humbles himself before his King. Sir Ferumbras, Roland, Bayard .... They pass before you under their gleaming banners, with their high visions, their triumphs, their martyrs' crowns. ...

The mountain is easy of access in these days. Funicular railways convey the visitor to all parts, and there is choice of accommodation. The pilgrims can occupy cells if they wish, and on arrival are given a pillowcase, a cake of soap, and a jug of water. There is a hotel open all the year round, from which one can obtain magnificent views of the umber landscape below, and see the glittering range of the Pyrenees against the horizon.

But a mile along the road towards Manresa stands a *posada*, lime-washed with wide windows. There is a courtyard where dusty vines hang in clusters over the wooden balcony. Little donkeys stand patiently under huge panniers. There is a sound of mule-bells as the team canters in bringing goat-skin bags of crude, strong wine to ripen in the great casks in the cellar. There the harsh guttural speech of Catalonia mingles with suave Latin words, the "*Ave Maria Purisima*," the "*buenos dias*" of greeting, the "*adios*" of departure. In the *comedor* hangs the odour of coffee, garlic, tobacco, that subtle aroma that spells Spain; and you can eat home-baked bread, creamy cheeses and omelettes, munch grapes which you will be wise to wash in the red wine which flows as liberally as water, and smoke little heady cigarillos whose yellow paper crackles as it burns. ... You will sleep between sheets of coarse linen whose touch is rough but cool, and you can step out of your window on to the edge of the plateau.

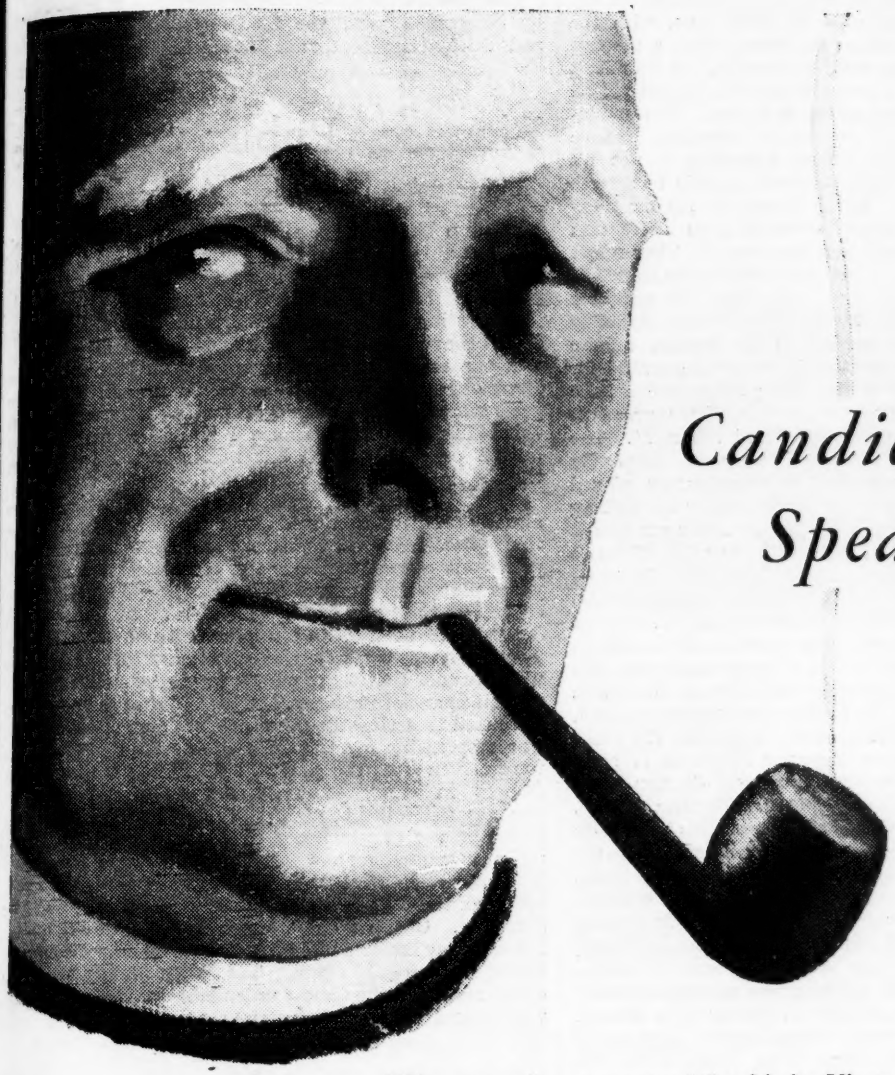
In the early spring the wind rises with the gathering dusk, and sweeps down the road the Romans laid centuries ago. There are strange noises then, marching of many feet, the roll of drums, thin cries of martyrs, and shouts of praise. Echoes from the past, borne by the wind from between the gaunt pinnacles which tower above you.

But some May night you may step out into a soft warm darkness that enfolds like a lover, and is like a tranquil hand laid over the heart.

Hidden behind the turn of the road lies the Monastery, the sleeping pilgrims and their dreams; the wakeful, whose winged thoughts cluster round the feet of the dark Virgin, but here you are alone; you are on the edge of the world.

In the blue gulf below—stars. Tiny and clear the lights of Manresa twinkle. In the gulf above—stars: the shining constellation that bloomed miraculously in memory of dead Crusaders flings its glittering arch across the sky.

H. DE MILANÈS.



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Gramophone Notes

We are gradually returning to Mendelssohn. After a decade or so of misrepresentation, he returns to his niche in the temple of fame, displacing some of those who, with the assistance of centenaries and so on, have gained a prestige and attention out of bearing with their merits. It is difficult for a man who manages to preserve his own integrity in an age of more brilliant contemporaries to be dull. Re-examining Mendelssohn, we find him surprisingly interesting; above all, surprisingly fresh. *The Italian Symphony* is not his best work: that, I fancy, it would pretty readily be agreed, is the *G Minor Concerto*. But it is one of his most exhilarating. Mendelssohn himself wrote of it to his sisters: "It will be the gayest thing I have ever done." The present recording (by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Columbia DX342-4, 12s.) underlines the accuracy of his prophecy. Harty takes the music as it stands, declining to add the sentimentality which, to the music's infinite detriment, many other conductors have found essential for their interpretations. This is the best performance I have heard. The *Minuet* (the first part of the third movement) is particularly enriched by straightforward treatment. The recording is good.

Beethoven's *Overture to Egmont* is magnificently played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Mengelberg (Columbia LX161, 6s.). The work, for those who can accept such ready-made tabulations, is an example of Beethoven's second style of composition. It was published in 1811, and probably composed simultaneously with the *Fifth Piano Concerto* (The Emperor) and the *Piano Sonata, Op.* 81 (Les Adieux, l'absence, et le retour). The music has a tremendous grandeur, a vital sensitiveness. It is unfortunate that the recording has occasionally a rather woolly tone. German's *March Rhapsody* (played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sargent, H.M.V. C2411, 4s.) is at the other end of the story. *Tailler en drapeaux l'étoffe de la vie*—Verhaeren prescribed this maxim for living. German, composing this piece, would have assented. Ripeness, a rich, flamboyant ripeness, is more than all. Sometimes it becomes unqualified vulgarity. The orchestra enters obligingly into the spirit of the game. A somewhat similar idea must, I think, have occurred to Herr Honegger as he sat down to compose his *Prelude* to *The Tempest* (played by the Grand Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, Parlophone RO20184, 4s.). There is nothing, at any rate in the world of music, with which the piece under consideration can satisfactorily be compared. One thinks vaguely of hyenas in a sirocco, Spanish revolutions, the more demonstrative sections of lunatic asylums, Piccadilly Circus being prepared for the reinstatement of Eros; only to be aware in turn of their hopeless inadequacy for the occasion. Sometimes, like a donkey on a deserted racecourse, there appears the semblance of an ordinary tune. Alas, the applause is half-hearted.

Max Bruch's *Violin Concerto in G Minor, Op.* 26 (played by Yehudi Menuhin and the London Symphony Orchestra. H.M.V. DB1611-3, 18s.) is an unequal work. It shows the composer's usual good sense of construction with his usual lack of imaginative feeling to back it. Bruch has the idea, but an insufficient conviction of its importance to drive it home. The solo part is immensely superior to the orchestration: but the tone of the violin is, in the recording, unsubtle.

Last month I wrote at some length of Gieseking's performance of Debussy's *Suite Bergamasque*. This month (on Parlophone E11202, 4s.), Marius François Gaillard plays *Clair de Lune* and *Prélude* from the same suite. It is a pity that the two recordings should have appeared so close together; also that Gaillard has not recorded the whole suite. Excellent as was Gieseking's performance of *Clair de Lune*, I prefer Gaillard's interpretation. And if his *Prélude* is not so good, it is good enough to make one wish to hear him play the *Passepied* and the *Minuet*.

Other of this month's records which may be recommended are: Huberman's playing of Chopin's *Waltz, Op.* 64, *No.* 2 and Brahms' *Hungarian Dance* No. 1 (Columbia LB8, 4s.); Yvonne Printemps singing *Au Clair de la Lune* (Lulli) and *Plaisir d'Amour* (Martini) (H.M.V. DB1625, 6s.); The State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Klemperer, playing the Overture to *Fra Diavolo* (Auber) (Parlophone E11201, 4s.); and Conchita Supervia singing *Musetta's Waltz Song* from Act 2 of *La Bohème* and *Gentle Flower in the Dew* from *Faust* (Parlophone RO20180, 4s.).

[The case for the Chopin *Piano Concerto in F Minor*, played by Rubinstein with the L.S.O. (H.M.V. DB1494-7, 24s.) and reviewed last month, has just reached me.]

Autolycus.

Finance—Public & Private

An Unwise Agitation

I should like to warn those who, ignorant, perhaps, of the facts, may be mislead by the agitation which is being pushed in a certain section of the Press against the policy of banking institutions, including the Bank of England itself. In doing this I need scarcely say that if I believed that the prolonged industrial depression was the result of monetary policy on the part of the Bank of England or a misdirection of its activities by the joint stock banks, I should be making no protest against this agitation. But because I believe the agitation to be not only ill-founded but misleading, I suggest that the public should be on its guard.

There is one point, I think, which will probably have already occurred to a good many who may have observed this agitation against the banks and against the monetary policy—it comes, in the main, from quarters which for years past seem to have been busy in discovering every cause but the right one for the lack of confidence which is largely at the root of our present troubles. When we were striving towards the gold standard before 1925 we were told that those efforts were responsible for slowness in financial recovery. After we returned to gold we were told that the struggle to maintain the gold standard was responsible for the depression. And yet when we were driven from the gold standard last year by circumstances in other countries beyond our control the recovery still failed to materialize. When Bank Rate was high because of the boom in America three years ago, which attracted money from all quarters, we were told it was the high Bank Rate which was impeding recovery, although the high rate was merely imposed to correct the situation. Cheap money, we were told, would quickly breathe new life into industry and the wheels of commerce would revolve once again. Yet, when money became so cheap as to become almost unlendable no material change was noticeable in the industrial situation.

Charges for Loans.

And now from quarters which, during an election of a few years ago, solemnly assured the country that the main point for consideration was the size of goods wagons on the railways, we are told that the one crying need is for a reduction in bankers' loans and overdrafts. From the moment that the Bank Rate was reduced to 2½ per cent., and without even giving the banks a moment to declare their policy, a campaign has been started urging upon the public the iniquity of the banks in only allowing ½ per cent. on deposits and charging a minimum of 5 per cent. on overdrafts.

Now, in this matter I certainly hold no brief for the joint stock banks, and it is quite conceivable that there may be cases where a genuine trader has a justifiable grievance with regard to the rate which he may be paying his banker at the present time for accommodation, though concrete evidence seems to be lacking. There are two points, however, I would emphasize; the first is that those responsible for the present agitation should be sure of their facts, with all the circumstances surrounding them, and the second is that if this agitation is unjustified it has the unfortunate effect of deluding the community with the idea that our troubles are connected with banking and monetary policy.

Points to Consider.

As regards the facts; the advertised rate of interest on bankers' deposits is certainly ½ per cent. per annum, being the lowest rate quoted for very many years. Even here, however, considerable modifications have

(*Continued on page* 748.)

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Finance—Public and Private

(*Continued from page* 746.)

to be allowed for. In the first place, there are depositors who, by reason of the competition between the banks, obtain considerably more than ½ per cent. on their deposits. In the second place, there is a growing class of depositors who use what is called the "Home Safe" rate, and although the individual amounts concerned may be small, the aggregate is large, and on these deposits the *fixed* rate of interest is 2½ per cent.

These two facts mean that the average rate on bankers' deposits is considerably over ½ per cent. per annum. As regards bankers' charges for loans and overdrafts it is quite true that nominally, and according to custom, the charge is ½ per cent. or sometimes 1 per cent. over Bank Rate, with a minimum of 5 per cent. Here again, however, circumstances and competition effectually break through this general rule. I venture to think that large legitimate borrowers are obtaining their accommodation at far below this supposed minimum lending rate, but I do not hesitate to maintain that in the long run the general power of the banks to impose high rates, if necessary, is to the *advantage* and *not* to the disadvantage of the community.

A Fancy Picture.

There is a growing section of the community which appears to labour under the idea that notwithstanding the fact that bankers have a responsibility towards their depositors, the helpful thing to the country would be if borrowers found it the easiest thing in the world to raise money readily and on cheap terms. And these same people also picture all these borrowers as people in some way or another concerned in pushing the trade of the country. The picture is a distorted one. A great part of the borrowing which takes place from the joint stock banks is borrowing which should be checked. Much of it is on behalf of speculators in securities who wish to get ahead of the public and run stocks on borrowed money, hoping and, indeed, reckoning confidently upon the public coming in to relieve them of their holdings at a higher level, and, unless I am mistaken, the error on the part of the banks is in giving accommodation to such borrowers on too easy terms. Again, and because of the hard times through which we passed during the War, a great mass of the public which had never previously indulged in overdrafts did so for the first time and it is to be feared that a habit was formed which has become chronic. We are all common sufferers in the strain involved by the difficult times through which we are passing, but nevertheless we probably all know that while from time to time special banking assistance may be required and should be forthcoming, the habitual overdraft is bad for the individual, as it is for the community as a whole.

I do not believe that any shortage of banking facilities or unduly high interest rates have any connexion whatever with the world industrial depression, which in the main is due not to a lack of credit, but a lack of *confidence*, and this lack of confidence, as I explained in the *Spectator* of May 14th, I attribute far more to political than to financial causes. Hitherto one of the most favourable features of the situation here, and one contrasting with the position in other countries, has been the unbounded confidence of the public in our banking institutions and banking methods. Those who take a course calculated to weaken that confidence are undertaking a very serious responsibility.

ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

Financial Notes

British Funds Strong.

Once again the outstanding feature of the stock markets has been the activity and strength of gilt-edged securities. British Funds have, in many cases, established high records, the upward movement, of course, receiving a fresh impetus from last week's reduction of the Bank Rate to 2½ per cent. followed by the decline in Bankers' Deposit rates to ½ per cent. To some extent the rise in gilt-edged securities has favourably affected other markets including some of the prior charge stocks of English Railways, and just a few of the leading home industrials, but elsewhere the tone has remained dull, the situation in the United States showing no improvement, while foreign stocks have been affected by the serious situation in Japan and by anxiety concerning the position in Austria and some of the other Central European States. On the other hand, Empire stocks have tended to improve under the lead of Australians which have benefited as the result of the formal dismissal of the Premier of New South Wales, which dismissal, it is presumed, represents repudiation on the part of the Commonwealth Government of the policy which Mr. Lang represented.

* * * *

The Dunlop Meeting.

In my opinion Sir Eric Geddes was thoroughly justified, when, in the course of his address to shareholders at the recent meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, he became critical of the present burden of taxation and its incidence on some of the industrial companies such as the Dunlop. The principles of sound finance often require that losses sustained by subsidiaries shall be provided for in the accounts of the parent concern, and yet under the present system the parent company cannot set off such losses against its own profits for income-tax purposes. Ultimately, no doubt, when subsidiaries again earn profits and set their losses against them the position can be levelled up, but Sir Eric appeared to be even apprehensive lest when such times arrive a provision now working to the benefit of the authorities might, however inequitable, be reversed. In the course of his address Sir Eric Geddes showed the company to be in a strong position financially, but as regards future prosperity, much, of course, depends upon an improvement in world trade.

* * * *

Eagle Star.

I must congratulate the directors of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company upon the satisfactory character of the recent Report, having regard to the difficulties of the year. All departments contribute something to the Profit and Loss account, and interest earnings, both gross and net, were higher. The new business in the Life department amounted to more than £2,000,000, while after writing down all securities to December 31st values, and using the same stringent valuation basis as on the last occasion, the result of the quinquennial investigation is the exhibition of a surplus of £229,020, thus permitting a bonus of 28s. per cent. per annum in the Ordinary Participating Branch, and 29s. in the Abstainers' section. The Fire department yielded a profit of £11,596 and the Accident department £14,059, while Employers Liability gave a profit of £2,184. A sum of £150,000 was brought into Profit and Loss from the General Reserve Fund but on the other hand £100,000 was transferred to Investment Fluctuation account and £125,000 to Exchange Reserve Fund. After payment of final dividends making 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares £44,086 is carried forward as against £68,681 a year ago.

* * * *

Forestal.

General world conditions and the depression in South America, have, of course, hit the Forestal Land, Timber and Railways Company, and it is fortunate that some time back the directors pursued a very conservative policy pending an improvement in the position. The company is mainly a holding one, and although the latest report shows that none of the subsidiaries revealed a loss their various directorates very properly wrote down stocks in view of the fall in values, and as a consequence the dividends received by the parent company were insufficient to prevent its own accounts from showing a loss. This, however, in its turn, was also partly due to the fact that the parent company set up a reserve of £130,000 against doubtful debts, leaving a debit of £22,584, which, deducted from the credit balance brought forward, leaves a balance of £190,202. After paying the dividend on the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares £78,251 is carried forward. The balance-sheet is a strong one with British Treasury Bills and cash amounting to over £600,000 apart from Insurance Reserve Fund Investments.

* * * *

A Great Loss.

Business circles have learned with deep regret of the death of Lord Ebury, which occurred last Sunday following upon a serious accident in the hunting field. Others have written of Lord Ebury's distinguished career and his achievements in many directions, but although concerned, perhaps, with more prosaic matters, I would like to emphasize the great work he has accomplished during recent years as Chairman

(*Continued on page* vi.)

COMPANY MEETING.

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

POSITION MAINTAINED DESPITE ADVERSE CONDITIONS

EFFECT OF HEAVY TAXATION

SIR ERIC GEDDES' SURVEY

The ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held in London on Thursday, May 12th. The Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E. (Chairman), presided.

The Chairman said (in part):—

You will have observed that the final net profit for the year shows a decrease of £61,395 as compared with 1930. In view of the fact that trade conditions all over the world have been most adverse, your Directors feel that the Company has done well in maintaining its position.

Heavy Taxation Charges.

The amount of profits available for distribution has been seriously affected this year by the heavy provision that has had to be made for income-tax.

The sum of £374,943 provided in the Company's accounts, however, by no means represents the total income-tax liability *of the whole group of Dunlop Companies*. In addition, sums have been provided in the accounts of the Subsidiary Companies amounting to £173,517, making a grand total of say £548,460.

One cause of this very heavy provision is the operation of the regulations under which income-tax liability is assessed on the profits of the preceding year, and this, I am sure, calls for no explanation, as we have all doubtless had painful personal experience of the working of this regulation. It hits us in years when profits are falling, but we look for compensation when profits are rising.

The allowances granted by the Revenue for depreciation and obsolescence are totally inadequate, and in consequence prejudice the re-equipment of Industry which is necessary to compete successfully in the world markets.

Again, in the case of Companies which, like your own, are holding Companies, there is a further very serious factor in the method of assessment. In accordance with the principles of sound finance, the holding Company must provide in its Accounts for its proportion of the losses of all subsidiary and associated Companies. This necessary provision naturally reduces the amount of profits available for distribution to the Shareholders of the holding Company. Under the income-tax law, however, the provision for these losses is not allowed as a deduction in calculating the income-tax assessment on the holding Company. In times of depressed trade such as we have experienced during the past two years, international Companies such as yours have inevitably incurred heavy losses in certain of their subsidiary Companies, and in consequence have had to pay income-tax far in excess of the true profits earned by the whole organization.

The rate of income-tax itself is, in the opinion of all Industrialists, far higher than the Industries of this Country can bear, but when to this is added the effects of the methods of assessment which I have just referred to, the result is a quite intolerable burden. How intolerable few can even imagine. For example, in our own Company in the final analysis the Ordinary Stockholders are left with a sum of £380,650 income-tax burden, and there is no margin out of which to meet this liability, which, in consequence, has to be provided out of the undistributed profits and reserves accumulated by you in past years.

In addition, of course, in the case of all our Foreign Companies foreign tax has also to be paid.

Many of you will remember that in the accounts for the year 1929, a sum, over and above actual requirements for income-tax amounting to £225,000, was set aside. It was your Board's intention to build up that reserve still further, but owing to the World depression of the two following years this was out of the question; in fact, the £225,000 has all been absorbed or earmarked for taxation liabilities. The sponge is squeezed dry and unless reductions in expenditure are made by the Government and taxation reduced, this will inevitably be true of the Country as a whole. It simply cannot live at the present level of expenditure.

The Balance-Sheet.

From a study of the Balance-Sheet you will observe that the financial position of the company is extremely strong. At December 31st last the Company's liquid assets, comprising British Government and Other Securities, together with Bank Balances and Cash, amounted to £2,821,080, and had increased during the year by £1,376,339. The surplus of Current Assets over Current Liabilities amounted to £4,359,785, representing an increase during the year of £564,800.

Every effort has been made to conserve and strengthen the liquid position of the Company, and in the difficult times through which we are passing this is naturally a source of great strength.

For reasons given in the Directors' Report, the Special Reserve against investments in and advances to Subsidiary Companies has been increased to £2,000,000. No capital losses have, in fact, been realized, and if world trading conditions improve the fortunes of our Subsidiary and Associated Companies will immediately benefit.

Losses on Exchange amounting to £156,125 have been written off to General Reserve. This sum of £156,125 is the balance of all the realized profits and losses on exchange that have been made during the year. This loss was practically entirely due to the abandonment of the Gold Standard by this country, and was a contingency which we had not foreseen. In view of the exceptional nature of this loss, the Directors decided that it should be written off against General Reserve, as the reserve was created for the specific purpose of meeting unforeseen contingencies such as this.

As this Company has a considerable proportion of its Capital invested in Companies abroad, a converse effect of the abandonment of the Gold Standard by this country was to increase the value of these investments, and, as is stated in the Directors' Report, on the basis of the rates of exchange at December 31st last, this increase in value amounts to approximately £2,500,000.

The exchanges of the world at the present time are in a chaotic condition. No credit has been taken in the accounts for this appreciation in value.

You will observe that, after providing for the Losses on Exchange of £156,125 and the transfer of £1,000,000 to Special Reserve, the General Reserve stands at £1,216,980, in addition to which the carry forward on Profit and Loss Account amounts to £391,859.

Dividend Position.

Although the Profits for the year were not sufficient to cover the full dividends on the Preference Shares, the Directors have decided to recommend the payment of the dividends upon the whole of these Shares, which are cumulative as to dividends. If these dividends were not paid this year this payment would merely be deferred. In view of the strong liquid position of the Company and the ample carry forward, the Directors are of opinion that these dividends can be paid with justification.

As regards the Ordinary Stock, the Directors are of opinion that there is no alternative but to recommend that no dividend should be paid.

The Directors fully appreciate the disappointment which the Ordinary Stockholders will feel, but the adverse effect which the world trading conditions have had upon the earnings of the Company was inevitable. The Directors are confident, however, that with the return of improved conditions the earnings of this Company will respond.

The Chairman then dealt in detail with the affairs of the chief Subsidiary and Associated Companies, in England and in various parts of the world. Referring to the Export Market, the Chairman said that the Company's competitive position had been fully maintained.

New Developments.

It is in the direction of broadening the basis of our manufacture and of reducing our dependence on the Tyre industry, that I look hopefully for the future. Considerable research work has also been done, and in the field of Latex manufacture we think we have made inventions of major importance.

Audit and Financial Control.

The Board has concentrated considerable attention on thoroughly overhauling and improving the Company's organization as regards financial supervision, and a complete system of budgetary control has been instituted. By this means, instead of merely looking backwards, we are constantly looking forward, and working out the position of every constituent Company and the organization as a whole for a year ahead.

The Outlook.

It is satisfactory to be able to record some small signs of improvement in our own country. Whereas the decline in production in the other chief producing countries of the World was continuous throughout 1931, there was in the United Kingdom a definite upturn in many trades in the last quarter of the year, and this has been continued in the first quarter of 1932.

Coming back to our own Company. The Directors in their report committed themselves to the belief that "in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, the current year should show an improvement over last year."

That was a forecast given in the unprecedented circumstances in the World to-day, and after mature consideration of all facts and estimates of revenue and expenses now available.

The Chairman saw a rift in the clouds of depression in the altered fiscal position of this country and (he hoped) of the British Empire. Referring to the Ottawa Conference, Sir Eric said: No other people in the World can conceivably create such a favourable situation as can those of the British Empire, and no Conference has ever been held which in my judgement equals in importance to us the great Congress which will meet at Ottawa this summer.

Referring to the questions raised at last year's meeting regarding leakage of information and irregularities in share transactions, the Chairman had made thorough investigations, and he was completely satisfied that there were no irregularities.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Financial Notes

(*Continued from page* 748)

of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society. From the moment that he assumed those responsibilities Lord Ebury had a high conception of what they entailed. He believed in his Society, and he believed also that these were days when inspiration from the heads of our industrial organization was never more needed to bring out the requisite efficiency and effort on the part of everyone concerned in contributing to the success of a business enterprise. His speeches at the annual meetings of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society commanded attention and respect from a wide circle for they were not the speeches of a "guinea pig" Peer director but clearly were the utterances of someone whose heart and soul was in the welfare of the undertaking over which he presided. He must be reckoned among those leaders of industry who had a clear conception both of what business in the best sense of the word meant to the future of this country combined with a clear recognition of those forces responsible for crippling our industrial activities. That his own personal efforts to aid industry should have been thus terminated at the early age of forty-eight is, I consider, a tragedy. A. W. K.

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A form of application (which must be returned by June 6th, 1932) together with a current prospectus of the School will be sent, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, by the EDUCATION SECRETARY, County Hall, Cambridge.

May, 1932.

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WALTER MOON,
Clerk to the Local Education Authority.

May 9th, 1932.

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Particulars from the HEAD-MASTER.

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